ALL HORACE HIS LYRICS,

OR

His Four Books of Odes,

AND

His Book of Epodes

Englished.

Horat.

—Timui mutare modos, & carminis artem.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the *Anchor* in the *New Exchange.* 1653.

To the Reader.

AN unknown Muſe preſents to thy ſurvay
A Roman Lyre, *ſtrung after th'* Engliſh *way.*
Peruſe, compare, and freely cenſure it;
Fling Critic ſtones, he'll not complain that's hit.
But if this reliſh, he may chance impart
Satyres, Epiſtles, *and* Poetic Art.

HORACE
HIS FIRST BOOK
OF ODES.

ODE I.

To Macenas.

The Argument.

Each man loves his peculiar ſort
Of recreation, and of ſport:
But Horace *unto fame aſpires*
From warbling on his Lyric *wires.*

Macenas atavis.

Mæcenas ſprung from Grand ſires Regall race
O my bleſt Guardian and delightfull Grace!
Some, love with duſt *Olympic* to beſmear
Their Charrets: and the Goal declined clear
With motion-fired wheeles, the noble Prize
Lifts up the Lordly Victors to the Skyes.
This likes to ſee the fickle *Roman* town
Croud to inveſt him with a Triple Crown.
That, may he ſtore in his own Granary,
What ever fertile *Lybia* can ſupply:

Pleas'd in the tillage of his native fields,
Not all the treasures *Attalus* e'r yeelds
Courts him to turrow with a *Cyprian* Sail
Through the *Myrtoan* Deep. The Merchant pale,
South-west storms ruffling the *Icarian* Seas,
Calm Safety praiseth, and his Country's Ease:
Straight he new rigs his tempest-shatter'd Keel,
Untutor'd yet Want's uncouth yoke to feel.
In *Massic* Wines some bouze their time away,
Nor spare to wast proportion of the day.
Prostrate along in Arbut's cooling shade,
Now at some sacred Head-spring gently layd.
Camps many please, Cornets, with Trumpets blast,
And rufull Wars, which mothers make agast.
The Hunter can on coldest Heaths abide,
And set the thought of's tender Wife aside:
Wheth'r Hinde be view'd by hounds of trusty sent,
Or *Marsyan* Bore the strong-twist nets have rent.
Me, wreaths of Ivy, which learn'd Temples crown,
Install amongst the Gods with high Renown.
Me, Groves, & Wood-Nymphs, and the nimble Train
Of Satyres, single from the vulgar strain:
If sweet *Euterpe* warble on my Flute,
And *Polyhymne* string my *Lesbian*-Lute.
But if 'mongst Lyrics thou insert my name,
I'le soar aloft above the Starry-Frame.

ODE 2.

To Augustus Cæsar.

Argument.

What dreadfull tempests Rome *inthrall,*
To vindicate Great Cæsars *fall.*

The Empire proſperous remains,
Whilſt bleſt Auguſtus *ſafely reigns.*

Jam ſatis terris.

Now Father *Jove* doth Earth aſſail
With ſtore of Snow, and vengefull Hail;
His glitt'ring hand high Turrets ſmites,
And City frights;
Affrights the World, leſt *Pyrrha*'s Reign
Return with uncouth ſhapes again:
When *Porteus* chaſed all his flocks
To Hils and Rocks;
And ſhoales of Fiſh clung to each Tree,
Where Ring-doves pearched wont to be;
And tim'rous Hindes did plunging keep
I'th' broad-ſpread Deep.
We yellow *Tiber* have beheld
With waves from *Tyrrhen* ſhores repell'd
Hurl down Kings Palaces on the Planes,
And *Veſta*'s Fanes:
While he to plaint-full *Ilia* boaſts
Revenge: And on ſiniſter coaſts
(Maugre *Jove*) wandringly doth glide
Th' indulgent Tide.
Of friends that ſwords in friends did ſtain,
Which better had the *Perſians* ſlain:
Of Fights, ſhall hear by Parents ſin
Succeſſors thin.
On what God ſhall the people call
To ſtate the wayning Empire's fall?
With what prayer ſhall the Virgin-quire
Deaf *Veſta* tire?
To whom ſhall great *Jove* delegate
Our ſins Attonement? Come, though late,
Who in white Clouds inveſted be'ſt,
Apollo Prieſt!

Or rather come blith *Ericine*,
Whom Mirth, and *Cupid* doe enſhrine:
Or, if thy Of ſpring in neglect,
Thou *Mars* reſpect,
Who ſated art with Warlick Play,
Whom cryes, nor burniſht Helmes affray,
Nor *Mores* fierce lookes, who grimly ſhow
'Gainſt bloody foe.
Or in *Auguſtus* ſhape array'd,
Bright *Maia's* ſon, with wings diſplayd,
O come, and vengeance daign to ſend
As *Cæſar's* friend.
Late may'ſt thou unto Heav'n attain,
And long amongſt glad *Romans* reign:
Nor wrathfull at our crimes, may Death
With rapid breath
Sweep thee hence. Rather Triumph here,
Love ſtyle of Prince and Father dear,
Nor *Cæſar* ſpare t' avenge the *Mede*,
While thou doſt lead.

ODE. III.

Argument.

Our Lyric prayes a happy Gale
May Virgil's *Ship to* Athens *hale:*
Next ſtiareth his invective Pen
Againſt the raſh Attempts of Men.

Sic te diva.

So let the Queen that *Cyprus* ſwayes,
And twin-ſtars glittring with refulgent rayes,
Let Wind-controling *Æolus*,
All cloſely cavern'd-up but *Zephyrus*,

Ste

Stear thee (O Ship!) with *Virgil* fraught:
O let him with ſecure convoy be brought
To *Attic* confines, I thee crave:
And my Soul's moſt entire Proportion ſave.
His heart was all of Oke, and was
Bulwarkt with three-fold Muniments of Braſs,
That firſt the raging Deeps aſſail'd
In thin-ribb'd veſſell; nor his ſpirit quaild
When South-weſt guſts with *Boreas* ſtrave,
When *Hyads* ſyl'd, and *Notus* fierce did rave:
Which powerfull'ſt Empire doth maintain
To ſtorm, or calm the *Adriatic* Main.
What Death's gaſt looks can make him quail,
Who un-bet-ar'd durſt view the monſtrous Whale,
And tumid Seas? nor ſplitting ſhocks
Fear'd on thoſe ſharp *Acroceraunian* rocks?
In vaine hath Gods all-prudent hand,
With watry boundures circumſcrib'd the Land:
If impious men no limits keep,
But ſtill be tempting o'r the dangerous Deep.
All-daring Man! that ever will
On crimes prohibited be ruſhing ſtill.
Prometheus with a bold aſpire
Fetcht ſurreptitiouſly Cæleſtiall Fire:
Who cheating Heav'n, a multitude
Of ſtrange diſeaſes that Attempt enſu'd
And tardy Fate had now b gun
To mend his pace, and ſwiftlier to run.
Raſh *Dædalus* 'gainſt Nature tryes
To towr aloft alongſt the empty Skyes.
Herculean toyl charg'd through Hells Den,
Nought ſeemes difficill unto mortall Men.
Low Earth our follies will not bound,
W' aſpire aloft, ev'n to the Heav'nly Round?
Nor let we, through our ſinfull Pride,
Iove *caſt his wrath-full Thunderbolts aſide.*

ODE 4.

To L. Sextius, a Conſular man.

Argument.

He Spring's ſweet ſeaſon doth relate,
And th' Univerſall Law of Fate:
And counſels Sextius *to addreſs*
Himſelf to all Voluptuouſneſs.

Solvitur acris.

Sweet Spring, and *Zephyre*'s gentle breath keen Winter (thaws,
And skeller'd Keels from Dock the Engine draws,
The Ox now quits his ſtall, the Swain reſigns his fire,
Nor hoary Mantles now the fields attire:
In ſplendent *Cynthia*'s eye now *Venus* trips a-round,
Nymphs mixt with nitid *Graces* pace the ground
Alternatly with nimble meaſures; The *Cyclops*,
And fire-fac'd *Vulcan* ſwelting in their ſhops.
Let Myrtle-chaplets now encircle radiant Crowns,
And *Flora*'s pride releaſed from the Downs.
Now unto *Faunus* let us offertories make
In Sylvan Bowers, Lamb, Kid, or what he'll take.
Pale Death ſmites equally, and with impartial Fate,
The Poor man's cottage, and the Palace gate. (mence:
Bleſt *Sextius*, our ſhort date muſt not long Hopes com-
Straight Death, & ſtory'd Fiends wil drag thee hence
Unto th' exile *Plutonian* ſhades, where thou ſhalt not
Be choſe Controller of the Cups by lot,
Nor doat on dainty *Lycidas*, whoſe beauty's darts
Now flame all Young mens, and wil Virgins hearts.

ODE

ODE 5.

To Pyrrha.

Argument.

As from a Ship-wrack ſcap'd by chance,
From Pyrrha's *wanton dalliance,*
He thoſe for wretched doth aver,
Whoſe hearts are captiv'd unto her.

Quis multa gracilis.

What ſpritely Younker amongſt Beds of Roſes,
(*Pyrrha*) perfum'd with fragrant ſents incloſes
Thee skulkt in ſweet retire?
Thy fair locks, at whoſe deſire
Pleat'ſt thou ſo up, array'd in homely cloathes?
O, how he'll wail thy oft-chang'd Gods, and oaths,
And count it wond'rous ſtrange
When ſtorms in thy count'nance range!
To whom thou now vouchſaf'ſt a Golden Grace,
Hoping thou'lt ſtill find leaſures for embrace,
And conſtantly be kind,
Not vers'd in thy crafty mind.
O curſt are they who truſt thy ſhining hew!
I hung (as Votive Frames in Temples ſhew)
Moyſt robes up to appeaſe
Neptune, powerfull God of Seas.

ODE 6.

To Agrippa.

Argument.

Though Varius *in Heroick ſtile*
Agrippa's *Martial Acts compile*,

Yet Horace *his low-pitched Muſe*
More humble Subjects beſt perſues,

Scriberis Vario.

Varius deſcribes thee with *Mæonian* quill,
A man puiſſant, and victorious ſtill,
What ere exploit either by Sea, or Land,
The Souldiers act at thy command.
Agrippa, we dare not diſcourſe of theſe;
Th' unvanquiſht courage of *Peleïdes*,
Nor falſe *Vliſſes* tedious Navigations,
Nor murth'rous *Pelops* habitations:
Themes too tranſcending our low Lyric Muſe;
Whoſe modeſt, and whoſe peacefull ſtrings refuſe
T' extenuate Great *Cæſars* lofty praiſe,
With harping our obtuſer Layes.
Of warlike *Mars* with coat of Proof indu'd,
Or of *Merion* with *Troys* duſt beſtrew'd,
Or *Diomedes*, he of Godlike might
By *Pallas* help, who's fit to write?
We chaunt of Banquets, and of Virgins brawles,
Aſſailing young men with their pared nailes:
Though idle, or in *Cupids* flaming heat,
With wonted levity repleat.

ODE VII.

To Munatius Plancus, a Conſular Man.

The Argument.

Each perſon as Genius bindes,
A ſeverall Citty's ſite commends:
Our Poet he aſcribes the Crown
To Tybur, Plancus *native town.*

Exhorts

Exhorts him cheering Wines to ply,
And chaſe away ſad Malady.

Laudabunt alii.

Some *Rhodes*, ſome *Myt'len*, *Epheſus* ſome praiſe,
Or *Corinth* which two ſeas inchaſe,
Some *Bacchian Thebes*, or *Phœbus Delphian* town,
And ſome *Theſſalian Tempe's* Down.
Some, their ſole task 'tis chaſt *Minerva's* City
To celebrate with laſting ditty:
And on its Creſt a round-ſhorn Olive raiſe.
A number too, for *Juno's* praiſe,
Cry *Argos* ſteeds up, *Mycen's* wealthy Fate.
I, patient *Lacedæmno's* ſtate,
Nor yet *Lariſſa's* fat-ſoil'd paſtures love,
Like to *Albunea's* ecchoing Grove,
Steep-falling *Anio*, and *Tyburnus* woods,
And Orchards ſteept with ſwelling floods.
As ſerene *Notus*, drayning th' gloomy Sky
Of clouds, makes ſhowrs away to fly:
So thou (wiſe *Plancus*) let mild liquors end
All cumbers, which thy life attend.
Whether thou Enſigne-glittering Camps affect,
Or *Tybur's* Shrouds ſhall thee protect.
When *Teucer* fled his Sire, and *Salamine*,
'Tis ſaid, his Temples ſoak'd with Wine
He with a Poplar crownet did impale,
And thus his dolefull Friends aſſail.
"*Wherever Fate will, kinder than my Sire,*
"*O Friends and Comraggs we'll aſpire.*
"*Of nought deſpair*, Teucer *your Chief and Guide:*
"*For* Phœbus *is by promiſe tyde*
"*Another* Salamine *to deſcry. O ye*
"*Brave Spirits, who ſuſtain'd with me*
"*Oft harſher Fate, in Wine your ſorrowes ſteep:*
"*To morrow wee'l 'gain try the Deep.*

ODE 8.

ODE 8.

To Lydia.

Argument.

Young Sybaris *with Love subdu'd,*
And in delicious pleasures stew'd.

Lydia dic.

Say *Lydia* I implore
For Heav'n sake, why so eager to devoure
Syb'ris with Love? why shuns
He open Plaines, inur'd to Wind, and Sun?
Why nor like Martiall man
Rides he 'mongst's compeers, nor French horses can
With curbing Bits controll?
Why dares he not o'r yellow *Tyber* roll?
Why Wrastlers oyl eschew
Like Viper's blood, nor Armour-bruis'd limbs shew?
Fam'd oft for Quoiting-art,
And oft for nimbly wielding of a Dart
Past th' White. Why skulks he so,
Like *Thetis* son before *Troy's* overthrow,
Disguis'd, lest he might
Be dragg'd to Wars, and 'gainst the *Trojans* fight?

ODE 9.

To Thaliarchus.

Argument.

He Thaliarchus *here invites,*
The more keen Winter-weather bites,
The more t'use solacing Delights.

Vides,

Vides, ut altâ.

Thou ſeeſt *Soracte*'s lofty ſummit ſhow,
All Candyed o'r with profound drifts of Snow:
How th' Woods ſcarce their loads ſuſtain,
And Ice the fluent ſtreams reſtrain.
Make larger pil'd-up fires, diſſolve the Cold;
And let delicious liquors four years old
Broached be from *Sabin* Tun,
And (*Thaliarchus*) freely run.
All other cares be to the Gods aſſign'd;
Who when th'ave once becalm'd the ſtrugling Wind
On fierce ſeas: nor Cypreſs-tree,
Nor aged Elm-tree ſhaken be.
Enquire not what ſhall be toMorrow's Fate;
And what e'r Fortune ſhall attend thy date,
Count it gain: Love's pleaſant Ioy,
Nor Dances ſhun, while thou'rt a Boy:
Til crab'd Old-age thy freſh Complexion ſtain
With hoar hair. Now let *Mars* his Camp and Plain,
And, 'bout Twi-light, whiſpers ſoft
Be at ſet houres rehearſed oft.
Now tell how Maidens pleaſant laughter uſe
When they're diſcloſed from ſome dark Recluſe;
And of Bracelets ſnatcht from wriſts,
Or Rings from unreſiſting fiſts.

ODE 10.

To Mercury.

Argument.

The Character of Mercury,
His Eloquence, and Progeny:

And

And various other Ornaments,
Our Poet in this Ode presents.

Mercuri facunde.

Sweet-tongu'd *Cyllenius*, Son of *May*,
Who man's first rudeness did'st allay
With Eloquence, and gracefull parts
Of wrastling Arts;
I'le sing of thee, Heav'n's Messenger
By whom crookt *Lyres* invented were:
Crafty to hide what ere's bereft
By sport some theft.
While thee (O youth) his threats affray,
Except thou his stoll'n Beeves repay:
With no shaft-bearing Quiver fraught,
Appollo laught.
Rich *Priam* too deserting *Troy*,
Th' proud *Atreus* scap'd with thy Convoy,
Thessalian watches, and each tent
'Gainst *Trojans* bent.
Thou in Blest Mansions Ghosts imbowers,
And thy *Caducean* Rod 'or-powers
Th' exiler Tribe; whom Gods above,
And lower love.

ODE 11.

To Leuconoe.

Argument.

Leuconoe *counseld to abate*
All anxious Care for Future state:
And Wines Luxuriously to bouze,
'Cause Life is short, and swiftly flowes.

Tu

Tu ne quæsieris.

Be not t' inquis'tive (O 'tis ſin !) what end
(*Leuconoe*) Gods award us : nor attend
To Number's power. Better all Fates to bear,
(Though *Jove* deign more, or now the lateſt year,
Which with oppos'd Rocks breaks the *Tyrrhen* Main)
Broach Wines, *and let Short life Long hope reſtrain.*
Ev'n while we ſpeak, the envious Hower runns :
Enjoy this Day, and truſt no Future Sunns.

ODE 12.

To Auguſtus.

Argument.

The Gods and Heroes firſt extoll'd,
With others in Fame's Records roll'd ;
He to Auguſtus *next deſcends,*
And with his glorious Praiſes ends.

Quem virum.

What Man, or *Hero*, wilt thou ſing
To ſhriller Pipe, or *Lyric* ſtring ?
Clio, what God ? whom Eccho ſounds
With ſportſome bounds,
In *Helicons* umbragious coaſts,
Mount *Pinde*, or *Hæmus* glaz'd with ſtoſts ?
Whence trees confus'dly follow'd all
At *Orpheus* call,
Who with melodious Ditty ſtaid
The rapid Streames, and Tempeſts laid :
And with his Harp's alluring ſtrokes
Drew liſtning Okes.
What ſhall my Muſe prefer before
Jove's wonted Praiſe ? who ruleth ore

Men, Gods, Sea, Lands, and Worldly powers
At various houres?
Then whom nought Greater is created,
Nor Equal is, nor Second rated:
Yet do next Honours circumveſt
Minerva's creſt.
Nor valiant *Bacchus*; nor thou Chaſe-
Affecting *Dian* will I paſs:
Nor *Phœbus* thee, who feared art
For certain dart.
Of *Hercules* and *Læda*'s Twins,
(The one in Horſe-fights Honour wins,
In Foot the other) I'l ſing: Whoſe Star
The Mariner
Diſcov'ring clear: Down waters guſh
From crags, Clouds vaniſh, Winds are huſht,
And threatfull ſurges of the Seas
Thoſe Twins appeaſe.
Of *Romulus* next ſhould I ſay,
Or of *Pompilius* calmer ſway,
Of *Tarquin*'s honours, or commend
Brave *Cato*'s end.
I *Regulus*, *Scauri*, great ſoul'd *Paul*
So ſtout, ſubdu'd by *Haniball*,
I gratefull will with glorious Layes
Fabritius raiſe.
He, rough lock'd *Curius* fam'd for War,
Camillus too, all raiſed were
From direfull Want, and Cottage low
Grand-fires did ow.
Plant-like ſteales up *Marcellus* Fame,
And *Julius* Comet ſpreads a flame,
As *Phœbus* ſplendent Orb appears
'Mongſt leſſer Sphears.
Thou Sire, and Guard of mortal ſtates,
From *Saturn* ſprung: To thee the Fates

Tranſmit

Transmit Great *Cæsars* charge: Next thine
His Reign define.
Whether he proudly triumph o're
The *Parthians*, galling *Latium* sore;
Or *Seres*, or *Indians* subject born
To *Phœbus* morn:
He under thee this Ample Round
Shall sway: whil'st thou mak'st Heav'n resound,
And on prophaned Groves imparts
Thy vengefull Darts.

ODE 13.

To Lydia.

Argument.

At Lydia's *hands preferring still*
Young Telephus: *he takes* it ill.

Quum tu Lydia.

When *Telephus* thou extoll'st so high,
For Neck suffus'd with Rose-outvying Dye,
And limber Arms; ah! *Lydia*, how
High-swoln with wrathfull passion do I grow!
Then Reason and Complexion flyes,
And liquid tears steal trickling from my eyes;
Declaring how I've tortur'd been
With lingring heart-corroding flames within:
I'me vext, when he, in drunken brawles,
Thy candid shoulders filthily be-spawles;
Or on thy lips, that frantick youth
To think of him impress his wanton tooth.
Hope not (if my advice avail)
That he'll prove constant who with rude assail

Doth

Doth thoſe delicious Lipps abuſe,
Where *Cytharea* her fift Nectar brews.
They more than three times happy ſtand,
Who firmly linkt in undiſſolved band,
Their Love no jarring Diſcords rend,
But perſeveres untill their lateſt end.

ODE 14.

To the Common-wealth renewing Civill Warre.

Argument.

The Poet with facetious Muſe,
An Allegory here perſues:
To th' Common-wealth directs his Pen,
Renewing Civill Warrs agen.

O navis referent.

O Ship! freſh tempeſts will again retort
Thee to the Deeps. What doſt? Arrive the Port
Stoutly. What ſee'ſt not how
Th' haſt not wherewithall to row?

Th' impetuous South-weſt wind thy Maſt diſables,
Thy Sayl-yards crack, and deſtitute of Cables,
Thy Barks can ſcarce abide
Th' Oceans uncontrolled ſide.

Th' haſt no whole Sail-cloths left, no Gods t' addreſs
Thy vowes unto, when adverſe Fates oppreſs.
Though Pine from *Pontus* ſprung,
Who 'rt the Woods fam'd Of-ſpring ſung,

Thou vanteſt of thine uſeleſs name, and Kin,
Py'de Ships the timorous Seaman truſt not in.
Take heed, unleſs thou will
Be a Sport for Tempeſts ſtill.

Thou

Thou, who wert late my anxious Mind's Annoy,
Now my chief Care art, and desired Joy,
Those boystrous Surges shun,
Which 'mongst the bright *Cyclads* run.

ODE 15.

Argument.

God Nereus *his Prediction how*
The Greeks *shall* Ilium *overthrow.*

Pastor quum.

When faithless *Paris* in *Idæan* Sail,
Did through the Deeps his Lady *Helen* hale,
Nereus suppress the active Windes, that he
Might chaunt his dismall Destinie.
Thou bringst her home in unauspicious hour,
Whom *Greece* will rescue with her Warlike-power;
Conspiring all t' o'rthrow thy Nuptial Tye,
And *Priam*'s antique Monarchy.
What swelting toyls (ah!) Men, and Horse sustain!
What Ruins draw'st thou on the *Dardan* strain!
Pallas, her Helm now, and her Shield assumes,
Her Charrets, and with fury fumes.
In vain, though courage, *Venus* ayd inspire,
Shalt thou thy locks deck, and on softer Lyre
Effeminate Lays modulate. In vain
Shalt thou from brandisht Pikes refrain
Of *Hymen* loath'd, and *Cretian* shafts eschew,
Wars noyse, and *Ajax* speedy to pursue.
But ô! at last thy Perriwigg'd-pate must
Be all be-smear'd with lordid dust.
Do'st of *Ulysses* fatal to thy Land,
And *Pylian Nestor* quite regardless stand?

Teucer of *Salamine* dauntleſs ſhall aſſail,
And *Sthenelus* expert to prevail
In Hand-fights, or to reign with quick command
A Charret-ſteed; thou'lt feel *Merion*'s hand.
Lo! fierce *Tydides*, ſtouter than his Sire,
Explores thee out with rageful ire:
Whom (like a Stag, when from a dale ſhe ſpies
A Wolf, leaves grazing, and away he flyes)
So thou ſoft ſhunn'ſt, with breath almoſt deny'd,
Not boaſting thus much to thy Bride.
Achilles wrathful Navy ſhall the fate
Of *Troy*, and *Troians* Dames procraſtinate.
A *Græcian* flame, when certain years expire,
Shall ſet all *Ilium*'s ſtreets ahre.

ODE 16.

To his Sweet-heart.

The Argument.

Recanting, he for pardon prays,
For that with ſome Jambic Layes
He wrong'd a Maid: the blame trajects
On wrath, deſcribing its effects.

O matre pulchra.

Fairer than thy fair Mother! O define
Unto thoſe ſharp Iambic lines of mine,
What doom thou wilt; be it fire,
Or *Adrian* Seas, if thou deſire.
Not *Cybell*, *Phœbus*, *Bacchus* ſo aſſaults
Their Prieſts minds out of their obtruſer vaults:
Nor ſhril Cymbals in thoſe great
Rites of the *Corybants* oftner beat,

Tha

Than Wrath afflicts: which nothing will appeaſe:
Nor *Noric* Sword, fierce Fire, nor wrackful Seas,
Nor ſhould *Jove* himſelf deſcend,
And Earth with dreadful Thunder rend.
'Tis ſaid *Prometheus*, when the World began,
Each creature robb'd to module up a Man:
And did Humane breaſts inſpire
With ſavage Lions ragefull ire.
'Twas Wrath o'r-threw *Thyeſtes* utterly,
And was th' immediate occaſion why
High-rear'd Cities to the ground
Erazed were, and furrow'd round
Of haughty Souldiers, with a fatall Share.
Reſtrain thy Paſſions. Heat of blood o'r-bare
Me too in my greener dayes,
And on thoſe ſharp Jambic Layes
Threw my infrantick'd Muſe: But now I ſeek
Lamentfull Subjects to exchange for Meek:
If defaming me no more
Thou wilt thy Cordial Love reſtore.

ODE 17.

To Tyndaris.

Argument.

The Lyric Tyndaris *invites*
Unto Lucretile. *Recites*
What profits and delights abound,
And in that Climate may be found.

Velox amœnum.

From Mount *Lycæus*, to ſweet *Lucretile*,
Swift-footed *Pan* is flitting ev'ry while,

And is ſtill my Goats defence
From ſtorms, and Sol's hot influence.
Dams from their noyſom leaders ſtray'd away,
O'r all the Woods ſecurely forrage may,
Seeking Thyme and Wildings there;
Nor do the Kids infolded fear
Green-ſpeckled Snakes, nor Wolfs to *Mars* aſſign'd:
Where e'r vales *(Tyndaris)* and the ſteep-inclin'd
Mount *Uſtica*'s ſleek Rocks bound
Again the Pipe's harmonious ſound.
Me, Gods protect, and in my Pietie,
And Lyric-Muſe, they much delighted be:
Rural wealth here plenty grows,
And with a bounteous horn o'r-flows.
Here in *Meandrian*-vale mayſt thou decline
The Dog-ſtars heat; and chaunt in *Teyan* line
Penelope, and *Circe* clear,
Who both for one man anxious were.
Here mayſt thou proſtrate in a ſhady Bower,
Bolls of unnauſeous *Lesbian* wine devour:
Nor ſhall *Bacchus* juice excite
Thee to outrageous brawls and fight.
Nor ſhalt thou 'f jealous *Cyrus* fearfull ſtand,
Leſt he o'r-lay thee with laſcivious hand,
Rending Chaplets from thy Crown,
And undeſerv'dly tear thy Gown.

ODE 18.

To Quintilius Varus.

Argument.

A little wine the heart delights;
Exceſs to frankickneſs excites.

Nullam

Nullum Vare.

Varus, no Trees plant, but the ſacred Vine,
I'th' fertile grounds which *Tybur*'s walls confine.
All hardſhip *Jove* for temp'rate men prepares:
'Tis Wine expulſeth heart-diſcinding cares.
Who wine-ſoak'd plains of Warfare, or of Wants?
Who 'f *Venus*, or Sire *Bacchus* rather vaunts
Not? But with *Liber*'s bounty not t'outwray
The *Lapithites* and *Centaures* drunken fray,
And *Evius* wrath at *Thracians* may fore-warn;
Sith luſtfull men ſcarce right from wrong diſcern.
Fair *Baſſareus*, I'l not treſpaſs on thy rite,
Nor thy Vine-ſhrowded ſecrets hale to light.
Ceaſe thy dire Cymbals, and thy *Phrygian* horn,
Cauſing blind ſelf-love, and with lofty ſcorn
T'advance a brainleſs noddle up on high,
And Faith tranſparent, letting all things fly.

ODE 19.

Of Glycera.

Argument.

How beauteous Glycera *infires*
His heart with amorous deſires.

Mater ſæva.

Tyrannic *Venus* chargeth me,
And *Bacchus* th' Heir of *Theban Semele*,
And wanton leaſure bids me too,
Extinguiſht Flames of *Cupid* to renew.
Fair *Glycera* inflames me ſore,
Than any *Parian* Marble glitt'ring more:

Her pleasing Coynes, and her face
Is over-ruinating for a gaze.
The Queen of Love her Isle forsook,
Falling sore on me, nor will *Scythians* brook,
Nor stout back-darting *Parthians*
For my pen's Theam, nor unconcerning strains.
Here (servants) green Turf-altars rear,
Vervains, and sacred Frankincense place here.
A Boll of Two-years Wine, to these
A Victime slain, she will her ire appease.

ODE 20.

To Mæcenas.

Argument.

He prays Mæcenas *for a Guest*
Unto a plain and homely Feast.

Vile potabis.

Thou'st bowze cheap *Sabine* in small Cup,
Which in Greek But my self daub'd up:
When Theaters with Ovations high
Rang in the Sky
Thy Fames (thou of Equestrian rank
Mæcenas) that thy *Tiber*'s bank,
And th' Eccho tos'd thy praise again
From th' *Vaticane*.
Cæcubian, and *Calenian* Wines,
Shall be thy drink. No *Falern* Vines,
Nor Grapes which crown the *Formian* knolls,
Flow in my bolls.

ODE 21.

Of Diana and Apollo.

Argument.

That Maids and Young-men ſhould proclame
Diana's, *and* Apollo's *Fame.*

Dianam teneræ.

Ye tender Virgins *Dian*'s praiſes ring,
Ye Youths to unſhorn *Phœbus* ditties ſing,
And to *Latona* who
Was of *Jove* affected ſo.
Ye Maids chaunt her who haunts the Cryſtal Springs,
And leaf-treſs'd Wood which o'r cold *Algid* hings,
And *Erimanthus* bowers,
Or Mount *Cragus* cloath'd with flowers.
Ye Youths rouze *Tempe* to as lofty height,
And *Delos* where *Apollo* firſt view'd light,
His ſhoulders with th' attire
Of Quiver, and's Brother's Lyre.
He dolefull Wars, dire Famine, and the Peſt,
Which *Rome*, and Great *Cæſar* did infeſt,
At your pray'rs did exile
To *Perſians* and *Britanes* Ile.

ODE 22.

To Ariſtius.

Argument.

How men of Upright lives, and Pure,
Are from all dang'rous ills ſecure

He explicates, and by his own
Example in this Ode is ſhowne.

Integer vitæ.

An upright, and a crimeleſs man,
Nor Darts, nor Bows of Maurian,
*Nor Quiver (*Fuſcus) *needeth fraught*
With Poys'nous Shaft:

Whether through ſcorched Syrts he toyl,
Or Caucaſus *his deſert ſoyl,*
Or Downs which with his fabled waves
Hydaſpes *laves.*

As wandring through the *Sabine* Spring
To far, I *Lalage* did ſing,
A Wolf from me, who nothing hed,
And armleſs fled.

A ſhape ſo horrid ne'r was ſpy'd
In warlike *Daunia's* Forreſt wide:
Dry *Mauritania* breeds no worſe,
Though Lions nurſe.

Place me in Plains which ever freeze,
Where no warm gales refreſh the trees;
In Climes where all tempeſtuous ils
Jove e'r diſtils;

Or where *Sol's* flagrant ſteeds do move
Too near, nor dwellings ſtand. I'l love
My *Lalage* for pleaſing ſtile,
And pleaſing ſmile.

ODE

ODE 23.

To Chloe.

Argument.

Chloe *adult: no cauſe now why*
She ſhould from mens embracements fly.

Vitas hinnuleo.

Chloe, thou ſhunn'ſt me like wanton Fawn
Of tim'rous Dam forſook in pathleſs lawn;
Dreading with mind agaſt
Ev'ry Buſh, and ev'ry Blaſt.
For as when *Zephyrus* trembling leaves doth ſhake,
Or green-ſpeckt Newts make Bramble-buſhes quake,
So tremulous is ſhe,
Dith'ring both in heart and knee.
But I not to devour thee now purſue,
As *Affric* Lyons, and wild Tygers do.
O leave thy Mother pray,
Now grown ripe for *Venus* play.

ODE 24.

To Virgil.

Argument.

That dolefull Virgil *ſhould no more*
Deceas'd Quintilius *deplore.*

Quis deſiderio.

Who ſhames t'affect, or duly limit can
His ſtrong defires for ſo dear-lov'd a man?

(*Melpomene*)

(*Melpomine*) grac'd with melting voyce, and Lyre,
Lamentfull Elegies inſpire.
Doth endleſs ſleep then cloſe *Quintilius* eye?
For Modeſty, unſtain'd Fidelity,
Juſtice her Siſter, and Truth voyd of guiſe,
When ſhall his Compeer e'r ariſe?
Of vertuous men a number wail'd his fall;
But *Virgil* thou bemoan'ſt him moſt of all.
In vain do'ſt thou *Quintilius* life deplore,
Not lent (alaſs!) upon that ſcore.
What though thou can'ſt with ear-inchaunting Song,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, hale the Trees along,
Yet can'ſt thou not a ſubtile Ghoſt reduce,
Which *Hermes* with his dire *Caduce*,
Not eas'ly won t' evacuate Fate's Decree,
Hath hearded 'mongſt grim *Pluto*'s company.
'Tis hard. *But Patience lightneth that at length,*
Which to remove exceeds our ſtrength.

ODE 25.

To Lydia.

Argument.

He Lydia *ſcoffs for aged look,*
And cauſe her Suters her forſook.

Parcius junctas.

Now froward Youths rap not ſo ſore
At thy ſhut caſements as before,
To break thy ſleep; thy Gates love much
Their Threſholds touch,
Which wont ſo 'ft on glib hinges run:
Thou'rt leſs, and leſs now call'd upon.

Ho

Ho *Lydia*! ſleep'ſt all night, while I
Thy Lover dye?
Thou, an ag'd Quean, again ſhalt moan
Thy ſcornfull Paramours, all alone,
In narrow Lanes: while North-winds range
'Bout *Phœbe*'s change:
When fragrant Love, and luſtfull flames,
Such as infuriates Horſes dams,
Thy ulcer'd breaſt with rage impales,
Not without wails:
'Cauſe Youth likes verdant Ivy more,
Than Myrtle almoſt ſabled o'r:
And gives to *Heber*'s wintry Tide
Boughs wither-dry'd.

ODE 26.

To his Muſe, of Ælius Lamia.

Argument.

Such as love Muſes, they ſhould be
From anxious Cares, and Paſſions free.
The Poet his dear Lamia's *praiſe*
Reſoundeth in Pimplean *Layes.*

Muſis amicus.

I Muſes friend tranſmit to th' Winds to ſweep
All Cares and Fears into the *Cretian* Deep:
Not perplexed much who fear
Cold *Boreas* tempeſts under th' Bear,
Or what doth *Tiridates* heart affright.
O ſweet *Pimplea*, whom clear Founts delight,
Flowry Chaplets wreath, and plait
A Crownet for my *Lamia*'s pate.
Thou not aſſiſting, my Poetic skil
Of no effect is. 'Tis his *Lesbian* quil,

His

His new layes muſt eternize
Thine, and thy Siſter's dignities.

ODE 27.

To his Companions.

Argument.

Horace *his Gueſt-companions prays*
T' abſtain from brawls and bloody Frays;
And not amongſt their Compotations
To fight with Flaggons like rude Thracians.

Natis in uſum.

To fight with Jugs for gladſom Mirth ordain'd,
Is *Thracian*-like: let ſuch rude tricks reſtrain'd
From Feaſts be, and *Bacchus* milde
From bloody brawlings be exil'd.
'Twixt Wine and Torches, and 'twixt blade of *Medes*,
O what an immenſe diſtance intercedes!
Fellows, your wild clamours ceaſe,
And on your elbows lean in peace.
Should I drink ſhare of your ſharp Muſcadine?
Let *Megil*'s brother of *Opus* then define,
What wound he eſteems a Bliſs;
And what Love-arrow fatal is.
What? flincheſt thou? then on no other rate
I'll drink. What e'r Love doth thee ſubjugate,
No baſe flames infire thee, whoſe
Heart ſtill with Love ingenuous glows.
Who e'r ſhe be, come tell, and do not fear:
Thou mayſt entruſt it to my faithfull ear.
Ah! what Gulf ar't plunged in!
Boy, worthy better love to win.

What

What Witch, what Wizard, what *Theſſalian* charms,
What Deity can exempt thee from her harms?
Pegaſus can ſcarce thee looſe
From that triform'd *Chimera*'s nooſe.

ODE 28.

To Archytas.

Argument.

Archytas *a Phyloſopher,*
And Geometrician, here
Unto a Sea-man makes reply,
That all men in the world muſt die:
And of the Seaman doth implore
T'interr his carkaſs in the ſhore.

Tu maris, & terræ.

Archytas who Sea, Earth, and countleſs ſands
Haſt mete, thee near the Matine ſtrands
A little Monument of duſt impales;
Nor tends it ought to thine avails,
To contemplate on the Ætherial Sphear,
And Globe Cæleſtial, Death ſo near.
Ev'n *Tantalus*, who Gods invited, fell,
And *Tython* left this Earthen-cell:
And *Minos* 'mongſt *Jove*'s Privy-counſel ſeated;
And *Panthois* dy'd, who 'gain retreated:
Although the Shield diſmounted did deſcry
He lived in the date of *Troy*,
Yet grim Death vanquiſh'd nought but's nerves & skin,
For Nature's works, how vers'd therein
Judge thou. *But one night ſheaths up all our bones,*
And Death's ſtage muſt be trod but once.

The

The Furies expoſe ſome to *Mars* his frown,
And Seas gulf greedy Saylors down.
Old men, and young, all throng to Death's Aſſize,
Dire Proſperpine *no mortal flyes.*
Swift *Notus* tending on *Orion* ſteep,
Ev'n me drown'd in th' *Illyrian* Deep.
But thou, ô Saylour, graciouſly confer
A little fleeting Sand t' inter
My bones and head: then let what Eaſtern blaſt
Turmoyls the *Heſperian* waves, be caſt
Upon *Venuſium*'s woods, thou ſafe, and ſound.
May wealth o'rflow thee all around
From *Jove*, and *Neptune* great *Tarentum*'s guard.
Haps thou this crime do'ſt not regard,
Which may thy ſack-leſs ſeld with vengeance ſmite.
May Fates juſt Laws, and proud Requite
Tend thee, My prayers ſhall not ungranted vaniſh;
Thy guilt no Sacrifice ſhall baniſh.
Although thou haſt'neſt ('tis no long delay)
Thrice caſt but duſt on, and away.

ODE 29.

To Iccius.

Argument.

That Iccius *his Philoſophy*
Should wave, and unto Warfare fly
For Wealth: Of this doth Horace *ſing,*
As of ſome ſtrange portentuous thing.

Icci beatis.

Iccius, thou for th' *Arabians* blisfull gaze
Ev'n gap'ſt now, and prepar'ſt for Martial frays

With

With th' unquell'd *Sabæan* Kings,
And art compoſing fett'ring ſtrings
For th' horrid *Medes*: What barb'rous Virgin will
Attend thee, who didſt her Eſpouſed kill?
What oyl'd courtly Youth will ſtand
Adminiſtring with Cup in hand,
Well-skill'd to draw up in his Father's bow
A *Serean* Shaft? But who will gain-ſay now
Swift ſtreams can ſteep Hils aſcend,
Or *Tiber* retrogradely tend:
When thou, thoſe Books (bought up on ev'ry hand)
Of fam'd *Panetus*, and the *Socratic* Band
Do'ſt to *Spaniſh* mails tranſlate,
In hopes of more Auſpicious Fate?

ODE 30.

To Venus.

Argument.

He implores Venus *to refrain*
Her Cyprus, *and her preſence daign*
At Glyc'ras *conſecrated Fane.*

O Venus regina.

O *Venus*, *Cnide*'s and *Paphos* Queen,
At *Cyprus* be leſs gracious ſeen:
To *Glyc'ras* beauteous Temple go,
Where odours flow.
Take with thee *Cupid*, ungirt *Graces*,
The agile *Nymphs* with their ſwift paces,
Juventas ſullen without thee,
And *Mercurie*.

ODE

ODE 31.

To Apollo.

Argument.

Not Wealth he of Apollo *prays,*
But perfect mind, and healthful days.

Quid dedicatum.

What begs thy Poet, *Apollo* much ador'd?
Or what implores he when fresh Liquour's pour'd
From Sacring bolls? no rank ears
Sardinia's fruitfull Region bears;
No kindly Heards from schorch'd *Calabria*'s ground;
Nor Gold, nor Ivory 'mongst far *Indians* found;
Nor Downs, which with creeping waves
The gentle-rolling *Lyris* laves.
Let Fortune's Favourits with *Calenian* hooks
Their Vines lop: and he great i'th' Deities Books,
Th' Merchant rich (who safely sweeps
Three, or four times th' *Atlantic* Deeps
Each year) Let him in Gold-imbossed Cup
Soak Wines for *Syrian* Traffick taken up.
My food's Olives, Succory,
Mallows digesting easily.
O Phœbus, let me have sound health assign'd,
Aliments got eas'ly, and a perfect mind;
Nor to loath'd Old-age arriv'd,
Nor of my tunefull Lyre depriv'd.

ODE

ODE 32.

To his Lyre.

Argument.

He bids his Lyre ſtill ready be
To chear him up with melody.

Poſcimus ſi quid.

We beg, if we ſupinely lane,
In ſhrowds with thee play'd e'r a ſtrain
Worth Fame's Record, ô Lyre diſplay
In Latine Lay:

On which *Alcæus* firſt reſounded,
Who (though with *Mars* fierce broyls ſurrounded,
Or that his ſhatter'd ſayl he ty'd
To th' Ocean ſide.)

Of *Liber*, *Muſes*, *Venus* ſung,
And th' Youth that always to her clung,
And *Lycus* for black eyes and hair,
Of preſence rare.

O Lyre, *Apollo*'s ornament,
Yeelding *Jove*'s banquets bleſt content,
My toyl's ſweet ſolace, hail while I
Unto thee cry.

ODE 33.

To Albius Tibullus.

The Argument.

He Albius *wills not lay't to heart,*
Though undeſerv'dly on his part,
Curſt Glycera *reſpecteth more*
His Rival, and Competitour.

Albi, ne doleas.

Albius, not too exceſſively condole
Harſh *Glycera*'s unkindneſs: neither howl
Out mournful Elegies, though thy Junior be
Perfidiouſly preferr'd to thee.
Lycoris, fam'd for narrow forehead, burns
For *Cyrus* love; and *Cyrus*, lo he turns
Unto coy *Pholöe*: But e'r *Pholöe* erre
With that all-baſe Adulterer,
Goats with *Apulian* Wolfs ſhall copulate:
So *Venus*, and dire *Cupid* pleaſe, who mate
Unequal forms, and diff'rent minds together
Within a Braſen Yoke and Tether.
But when a fairer Miſtris courted me
Myrt'le me held in ſweet Captivity,
A Libertine, more fierce than *Adrian* Seas,
Which crooktly 'bout *Calabria* preaze.

ODE

ODE 34.

To himself.

Argument.

It him repents, that once delighted
With Epicurus *Sect, he ſlighted*
The Sacred Gods to venerate
So oft as he was wont of late.

Parcus Deorum.

I who the Worſhip of the Gods neglected,
To giddy Doctrines erringly affected;
Now perforce my Bark re-hale,
And tracts deſerted 'gain aſſail.
For *Jove* grand Ruler of the glorious Day,
From gloomy clouds projecting radiant ray,
Rumbled oft through ſerene Air
With thundring Steeds, and rapid Car:
Which ſtupid Earth, and each vagarying Brook,
Which *Styx*, and th' ſite of odious *Ten'rus* ſhook,
And made *Atlas* tremble oft.
God Low things can advance aloft,
Raiſe the Obſcure, and raze the Eminent:
Rapacious Fate, with hideous Lament,
Flings one from the height of Grace,
And rears another in his place.

ODE 35.

To Fortune.

Argument.

He prays that an auſpicious Tide
May Cæſar *into* Britain *guide.*

O Diva gratum.

O Queen who hold'ſt lov'd Antium's *Soveraignty,*
E'r prone t' advance the Humbleſt men to High
Thrones of Honour, and to turn
Proud Triumphs Pomp into an Urn,
Th' poor rurall Hinde ſollicitely thee prayes;
Thee, Preſident o'th' Ocean, he aſſayes,
Who (bold) in *Bithynian* boat,
Dares o'r *Carpathian* ſurges float:
Thou, horrid *Dacians*, vagrant *Scythians*, all
Towns, Countries, and fierce *Latium* do'ſt appall.
Thou mak'ſt barb'rous Queens affraid;
And Kings in Purple Robes array'd:
Daſh not a firm-bas'd Column all along
With foot incens'd: nor let the crowding Throng
Unto Wars the meek excite,
And diſſipate the Empire quite.
Thee, dire Neceſſity alwayes leads the way,
Whoſe brazen hands vaſt tort'ring Beams diſplay:
Nor of wedges yet unſhed,
Of cruell hooks and molten-Lead.
Thee, Hope, and rare Faith in white Livery
Adore much, nor decline thy company;
Though thou prove a Turn-coat foe,
And from rich habitations go.

But truſtleſs Vulgars, and the perjur'd Quean
Turn tailes: nay *friends (the Hogshead's drained clean*
To the dregs) away they run,
And Fate's diſtruſtfull burthen ſhun.
Guard *Cæſar's* voyage to the *Britiſh* Land,
(Earth's utmoſt bound) & th'late rais'd youthful Band,
Which to all the Eaſtern parts,
And Red-ſea, dreadful horror darts.
Ah! we ſhame with our ſcars, crimes, brethren ſlain:
What miſchiefs do we curſed men refrain?
What ills leave we unaſſay'd?
From what (through fear of Gods diſmay'd)
Doth Youth contain their hands? what Altars ſpare?
Oh, that thou on new Anvils would'ſt repair
Our blunt Weapons! to defeat
Th' *Arabian* and the *Maſſagete.*

ODE 36.

To Pomponius Numida.

Argument.

Our Lyric joy'd, exults amain
For Numida's *return from* Spain.

Et thure, & fidibus.

With Frankincenſe and Lyric Lay,
And Bullocks juſtly ſlaughter'd, let's allay
Great *Numid*'s tutelary Gods;
Who ſafe arriv'd from *Spain*'s remot'ſt abodes,
Gave's dear friends many a-kiſs-ſalute,
But to ſweet *Lamia* moſt did diſtribute:
Remembring how both ſerved all
Their youthfull days under one *Generall.*

And both their Gowns together quit.
This beautious Day ſign with a Chalky ſmit:
Let vaſt Wine-rundlets freely ſpout,
And *Salian*-like inceſſant skipt about,
Nor more let ſoaking *Dam'lis* bouze,
Than *Baſſus* in a *Thracian* carrouze.
Let Roſes, Parſly ever green,
And fading Lillies much at feaſts be ſeen.
All ſhall their eys with Luſt infeſted
On *Dam'lis* caſt, nor *Dam'lis* be wreſted
From her new Paramour, who combine
Cloſer than any amorous Ivy's twine.

ODE 37.

To his Companions.

Argument.

He bids his fellows jovial be
For Actium's *glorious victory.*

Nunc eſt bibendum.

Now let's carrouze, now let's with frolick foot
Create an Earth quake; now time ſuits unto't,
(*Socios*) the Gods Couches grace,
And *Saliarian* junkets place.
Erſt for unlawfull, men did it define,
From Grand ſires tuns to broach *Cæcubian* Wine,
When that Queen did machinate
Th' everſion of the *Romane* ſtate,
With her diſeaſe-polluted Eunuch-train:
To ſenſleſs hopes too prone to looſe the reign,
And fox'd when bluſh fortune ſhin'd:
But yet it quell'd her frantic mind,

When

When ſcarce with one ſayl ſhe eſcap'd the Blaze,
And grown Lymphatic with *Ægyptian* gaze,
To true fears ſhe turn'd again,
Whom flying *Latium*'s ſoyl amain,
Cæſar's fleet chas'd (ev'n as along the Air
Hawks harmleſs Doves purſue, or Hounds the Hare
On the ſnowy *Thracian* Plains)
T' have that dire monſter thrown in chains:
Who aſpiring bravely to conclude her Date,
Nor woman-like could ſwords her heart amate,
Nor ſought ſhe with ſpeedy Hulk
In ſome obſcurer Bay to skulk.
Who boldly durſt with ſerene eye behold
Her Palace raz'd, and in her hands enfold
Fell Snakes, that with greedy maw
She might their mortal poyſon draw:
More cruel grown by death premeditated:
As who in fieree *Liburnian* veſſels hated
At high Triumphs to be led
In private Garb, ſhe Royall bred.

ODE 38.

To his Servant:

Argument.

He wills his Servant rooms be reſt
With Myrtle only at his Feaſt.

Perſicos odi. ——————

Servant, all *Perſian* Pomp diſdain,
From Teyl-rinde pleated Crowns refrain;

Ceaſe further ſcrutiny where grows
The tardy Roſe.
For nothing but plain Myrtles care,
They moſt beſeeming Servants are:
And for my ſelf too, tipling laid
In Vine-tree ſhade.

The end of the Firſt Book.

HORACE

HORACE

HIS SECOND BOOK OF ODES.

ODE 1.

To C. Asinius Pollio.

Argument.

He counsels him suspend his Style
From penning Tragedies a while,
Till the Republic be at quiet:
Then high commends what he doth write.

Motum ex Metello.

COmmotions Civil from *Metellus* times
Of Consulship commenc'd, Wars motives, Crimes,
Fortune's tricks, and mockeries,
With Princes faithless Amities,
Armour which with blood unatton'd-for steams,
(A hazardous Attempt) these be thy Theams:
Who dar'st fraudfull Ashes touch,
Where-under fervent Embers couch,

A while let from the Theaters be exil'd
Sour Tragic Scenes: straight (publick Acts compil'd)
In *Crecopian* Buskin try
Again thy lofty faculty,
(*Pollio*) fam'd Guard of guilty men distrest,
And Senate who for Counsel thee requeſt:
Whom Bays crown with lasting name,
For thy *Dalmatian* Triumph's fame.
Ev'n now I Trumpets threatfull clangor hear,
Now Flutes (me-thinks) are ratling in my ear,
Now bright-glitt'ring Armour daunts
The Steed, and Rider's countenance.
I now of Chieftains seem to hear 'um tell,
Who in base dust (yet honourably) fell,
And all Earth's Globe vanquisht quite,
But unquell'd *Cato*'s powerful might.
Juno, and th' Gods who favour'd *Affric* most,
Unable t' act their vengeance, quit the coast:
And the Victor's Nephews made
A Victim to *Jugurtha*'s shade.
What field not fatned with spilt *Roman* blood,
But Graves point out where dire Battalios stood?
To what *Medians* have not flown
Fames of *Hesperia* overthrown?
What Gulf, what Streams from knowledge is restrain'd
Of this lamentfull War? what Sea's not stain'd
With slain *Daunians* spowting veins?
What Region but our bloud contains?
But (wanton Muse) lest waving mirthful Lay,
Thou 'gain shouldst *Cæan* dolefull tunes assay;
Let's seek in *Dione*'s Den
Aires warbled with a gentler Pen.

ODE

ODE 2.

To C. Sallustius Crispus.

Argument.

Kind Proculeius *prais'd 'cause he*
Unto his brethren was so free.
A royal Scorn of Money can
With true bliss only crown a man.

Nullus argento.

Gold hath no beauty (Sallust foe
To misers, who in caverns throw
Their Cash) *unless it beams diffuse*
Through temp'rate use.
Let long life *Proculeius* crown,
For pious deeds to's Brethren shown:
Him Fame on wings of endless date
Shall high elate.
'Tis ampler Rule thy Lust t'o'rsway
Than joyn far Gades *to* Lybia:
Nay though both Carthages *should own*
Thee Lord alone.
Th' Hydroptic humour'd sickneth worse,
Still thirstfull, till the dolour's scource
Be stopt, and watrish humours fail
His body pale.
Phraates plac'd in *Cyrus* Throne,
Un-vulgar Vertue counteth none
O'th' Blest; and makes the People fly
Gross Flattery:
Transferring Sway, safe Diadem,
And Laurel-wreaths alone on him
Who can (and ne'r reflect his eye)
Vast Treasures spy.

ODE

ODE 3.

To Delius.

Argument.

We ſhould both Fates bear equally,
Since Death is all mens deſtiny.

Æquam memento.

When Fortune Frowns, keep a juſt ballanc'd mind,
So when ſhe Gleams, in meaſure be confin'd,
Not with boundleſs joys elate.
O *Delius* thou muſt yeeld to Fate,
Though all thy dayes tranſacted be in thralls,
Or thou on Graſs retir'd on Feſtivals,
Drunkeſt off by bleſſed hap
Old *Falern* Wine o'th' better tap:
Vaſt Pines, fair Poplars there in lovely brades
Comb'ne their boughs for hoſpitable ſhades,
And ſwift ſtreams with trembling glide
In their *Meandrian* chanels ſlide.
Cauſe Wine and Unguents, and the too ſhort-dated
Delicious Roſes hither be tranſlated:
Whilſt State and Age leave affords,
And the three Sifters ſable Cords.
Thou ſhalt thy purchas'd Forreſts, and thy houſe,
And Grange deſert, where yellow *Tibur* flow;
All thy Treaſures pil'd on high,
Thine Heir ſhall ſpend luxuriouſly.
It boots not whether Rich thou beeſt, and come
Of Inachus *old ſtem, or Vulgar ſcum,*
Liv'ſt i'th' open Plains, thou dyes
Remorſleſs Pluto's *Sacrifice:*
Dye we all muſt. All men conclude their lot
Sooner or later in the fatall Pot:

And from Charon's *Boat are ſent*
Unto eternall puniſhment.

ODE 4.

To Xanthias Phoceus.

Argument.

No reaſon Xanthias *ſhould ſhame*
If Phillis *love his heart inflame,*
Although a ſervant: ſince 't hath prov'd,
Great Perſons of maid-ſervants lov'd.

Ne ſit ancillæ.

O *Xanthias* bluſh not to have lov'd
A maid; for ſervant *Briſeis* mov'd
Achilles, though in *Venus* rude,
With pulchritude:

Tecmeſſa's beauty *Ajax* ſtrook,
(*Telamon*'s ſon) wh' her captive took:
A rapt Maid did *Atreides* ſmite,
In heat of fight:

When the *Theſſalian* Victor ſpill'd
That barbarous blood, and *Hector* kill'd,
The tyred *Græcians* ſeized on
Troy eas'ly won.

Who knows but that fair *Phillis* race
From worthy Extract may thee grace?
Certs ſhe harſh Gods, and Kings deſcent,
Seems to lament.

Think her not ſprung from worthleſs crew,
Thou lov'dſt ſo deer: Nor one ſo true,

S' un-

S' unmercenary, could be come
From ſordid womb.
Her arms, looks, legs, well timber'd, I
(Who chaſt am) praiſe: All jealouſie
Of me ſhun, who enumerate
Eight Luſtres date.

ODE 5.

Upon Lalage.

Argument.

Since beauteous Lalage's *unfit*
For Hymen's *rites, or* Venus *yet:*
He will with Continency's Reign
All wild Concupiſcence reſtrain.

Nondum ſubacta.

As yet with neck ſubdu'd ſhe cannot 'bide
The Yoke, nor anſwer th' office of a Bride;
Nor ſuſtain the eagerfull,
Fierce ruſhes of a pond'rous Bull.
Thy Heifer 'bout the verdant Meadows roves;
Sometimes in Brooks t' allay her thirſt ſhe loves;
And ſometimes ſhe's much rejoyc'd
To ſport with Calves 'mongſt Sallows moyſt.
Reſtrain all longing for Grapes immature:
Straight gaudy *Autumn* deckt in Purple pure
Will to thee ripe Cluſters ſend.
Straight ſhe thy footſteps will attend.
For fleet-heel'd Time with rapid motion flows,
And years ſubtracted from thy date beſtows
On her. Straight with brazen brow
Will *Lalage* a husband wooe,

More

More lov'd than *Chloris*, or nice *Pholoe*:
Her candid ſhoulders glittering, like the Sea
In the night with Moon-ſhine dy'd;
Or *Gyges* ſprung from th' Iſle of *Cnide*:
Whom if thou rank'ſt among the Virgin Fyle,
His ſcarce-ſpy'd difference eas'ly might beguile
Quick-ey'd ſtrangers, for his Grace
Of ſhev'led hair, and dubious face.

ODE 6.

To Septimius.

Argument.

At Tibur, *and* Tarentum, *would*
He keep his reſidence when old:
Of whoſe moſt delightfull ſeats
The Lyric in this Ode intreats.

Septimi Gades.

Septimius, bound for *Gades* with me,
And *Cantabers* t' our Sov'raignty
Unbroke, rude *Syrts*, where *Maurian* wave
Doth always rave.
Let *Tibur* built by th' *Argive* race,
When ag'd, be my retiring place:
May't of my toyls in Wars. Sea, Land,
The Period ſtand.
From whence, if envious Fates reſtrain,
To ſweet *Galeſus* I'll again,
Fam'd for cloath'd ſheep, and to thoſe towns
Phalantus owns.
That nook of Land me taketh moſt
Where Mount *Hymettus* cannot boaſt

Such

Such Honey, nor from *Venafrum*
Such Olives come.
Where gentle Spring-tide laſteth long,
And Winter's mild, and *Aulon* throng
With Grapes, unto *Falernian* Vines
No place reſigns.
There, and on thoſe rich Mountains I
Oft covet thy ſociety:
There may'ſt thy friends warm aſhes ſmear,
With due-ſhed tear.

ODE 7.

To Pompeius Varus.

Argument.

He gratulates that Pompey's *come*
In ſafety to his native home.

O ſæpe mecum.

O thou reduc'd oft to extremeſt thrall
With me, when *Brutus* was our Generall;
Who to *Latium*'s Liberty,
And Rural Lars reſtored thee
Pompey my chief'ſt aſſociate? with whom I
Oft many long-day drunk wine copiouſly,
My bright hair with unguents fill'd,
From rich *Malobathrum* diſtill'd.
I with thee bare th' brunt of *Philipi*'s field,
And flying baſely flung away my ſhield,
When thoſe foiled ſouldiers ſwell'd
With boaſts, to blood-drencht earth were fell'd;
Pay *Jove* then thy vow'd junckets, and repoſe
Thy limbs out-tir'd with Warfare's tedious woes
Under

Under my Bay-ſhroud, nor ſpare
What hogſheads for thee deſtin'd are.
Let poliſht Goblets freely flow about,
With mem'ry-thralling *Maſſic* wines: teem out.
Sweet Oyls from capacious cup:
Who ſtrives to pleat a Chaplet up
Of Mirtle, or moyſt Parley? Who's the Gueſt
Venus-throw ſigns *Controller* of the Feaſt?
I'l play *Thracian*: pleas'd amain
To rant, my friend return'd again.

ODE 8.

Upon Julia Barine.

Argument.

He'l not believe Barine's *vows,*
Who perjur'd, yet ſtill fairer ſhows.

Ulla ſi juris.

Hadſt born e'r any penalty
(*Barine*) for thy Perjury:
Had'ſt one black tooth, or one moal'd nail,
It ſhould prevail
O'r my belief. But when thou vow'ſt
By thy perfidious head, thou glow'ſt
More bright, expos'd for young men all
The common thrall.
Thou may'ſt behoofefully deceive
Thy Mother coffin'd in her grave,
All heavens ſtill Hoſt, and Gods, exempt
From Deaths attempt.
At this fair *Venus* ſelf derides,
Blith Nymphs, and her dire ſon beſides,

With ſhafts e'r flagrant, whetted on
A bloody ſtone.
Beſides all youthful perſons flow
To thee, freſh Suters daily grow:
Nor th' old forſake thine impious door,
Though threatning ſore.
Thou mothers for their ſons diſmay'ſt,
And covetous old men, and affray'ſt
Poor new Brides, leſt thy fragrant ſmel
Their Mates repel.

ODE 9.

To Valgius.

Argument.

That Valgius *ſhould at length no more*
His dear-lov'd Myſte*'s death deplore.*

Non ſemper imbres.

The vap'rous Clouds effuſe not always Rain
Upon the ſurface of the buſhy Plain:
Nor do *Caſpian* billows roar
With ruffling tempeſts evermore.
Nor all the year (my deareſt *Valgius*) ſtands
The ſlothfull Froſts upon the *Armenian* ſtrands:
Nor are *Gargan* Forreſts ſhook
With North-winds, nor Aſh-trees forſook
Of their leaves Thou ſtill wail'ſt in mournful Lay
Thy lovely *Miſte*, rapt by Fates away:
Not, *Veſper* ris'n end thy Loves,
Nor when 'fore *Phœbus Heſper* moves.
Nay three Iif'd *Neſtor* wail'd not all his years
For ſweet *Antilochus* in lugubrious tears.

Nor

Nor moan'd doleful Parents for
Their tender *Tro'lus* always, nor
His *Phrygian* Sifters. O! at length retreat
From ſoft laments, and rather let's repeat
Cæſar's late won Victoryes,
Niphates bound in rigid Ice,
And *Median* tides enjoyn'd to Nations won,
Whoſe rolling waves in leſſer chanels run:
And *Gelons* who dare not 'ſay
From their ſtrait bounders to outwray.

ODE 10.

To Licinius.

Argument.

In both Fates all extremes deteſt,
A Golden mean is ſtill the beſt.

Rectius vives.

'Tis beſt, if thou not alwayes truſt
The Deeps, nor ſhunning ſtormy guſts
Rub'ſt with too-near-approaching Oar
O'th' dang'rous ſhore.
Who doth the Golden Meaſure trace,
Lives free from habitations baſe:
And wiſely wants the envy'd walls
Of Princely Halls.
Vaſt Pines are wind-toſs'd moſt of all,
The ſtateli'ſt Towre hath greateſt fall:
And dreadful Thunder ſmiteth ſtil
The lofty'ſt Hil.
Minds well prepar'd both Fates can bear,
In Good they hope, in bad they fear.

Jove can foul Winter bring again,
And it reſtrain.
Though now't be ill, 'twill not alwayes
Be ſo. Sometimes *Apollo* plays
On's ſilent Harp, nor's ſtill intent
With Bow e'r bent.
In thralls indue a chearful mind:
So wafted with too proſperous wind,
Contract up wiſely in fair Gales
Thy ſwelling ſails.

ODE 11.

To Q. Hirpinus.

Argument.

Hirpinus *counſell'd to remit*
All cares, and freely frolick it:
Since time with rapid motion glides,
And nought immutable abides.

Quid bellicoſus Cantaber.

What warlike *Biſcains*, and the *Scyths* deſign,
Sever'd by th' *Adrian* interfluent Brine,
Ceaſe *(Hirpinus)* to exquire,
Nor ſpare t'uſe life, which doth deſire
Few things. Smoooth Youth hence poſteth faſt away,
And features, whilſt old wither'd Age, and gray
Hairs our lewd loved-paſſions quel,
And ſenſe-delighting ſleep repel.
Spring-flowers not always gorgeouſly are deckt,
Nor ſhines clear Cinthia *ſtil with like aſpect.*
Why cloy'ſt me, not adequate
In ſtrength to th' endleſs Laws of Fate?

Why

Why careleſs proſtrate under lofty Plane,
Or Pine-tree's ſhelter drink we not amain?
Now time ſerves, our hoary hair
With Roſes prankt, the while we are
With Spicknard dew'd? 'tis *Bacchus* drives away
Corroding cares. What boy, with quick aſſay,
Falern's inflammation will
With cool ſtream-water temper ſtill?
Bawd *Lydie* who'll from her recluſe intice?
Go, bid her haſten hither in a trice,
With her Iv'ry Lyre, and treſs
Wound backward, like *Lacæna*'s dreſs.

ODE 12.

To Mæcenas.

Argument.

Dire Wars, and Tragic ſubjects, they
Incongruous are for Lyric Lay.
Lycimnia's *Splendour* Horace *ſings*,
And ſuch like amatorious things.

Nolis longa.

No tedious Wars on fierce *Numantia*'s Plain,
Nor hardy *Hannibal*, nor *Sicilian* main
Purpled with *Carthaginian* blood, deſire
Be warbled on ſoft Lyric wire:
Nor barbarous *Lapiths*, nor the liquor-ſwell'd
Hyleus, nor whom *Alcides* proweſs quell'd
That brood of Earth, whoſe diſmal terrour made
Ag'd *Saturn*'s glorious houſe afraid.
But thou (*Mæcenas*) in the looſer ſtile
Of an Hiſtorian, better canſt compile

Great *Cæsar*'s Acts, and threatful Princes shown
Chain'd by the necks along the Town.
My Muse would treat of those melodious Lays
Of thy dear Lady's, sweet *Lycymnia*'s:
And of her clear refulgent eys, and brest
With flames of faithful love possest:
Whom neither dancing postures misbecame,
Nor jestfull skirmish, nor in sportive game
Fair Virgins with incircling arms t' inthrall,
On famous *Dian*'s Festival.
Would'st for the Wealth rich *Achæmenes* ows,
Or all the Riches fertile *Phrygia* shows,
Or th' *Arabs* houses which well furnish'd are,
Exchange thy dear *Lycymnia*'s hair?
While she for kisses wreaths her neck awry,
Or doth with gentle cruelty deny
What, then her Love, she rather covets t'ane:
Straight she'll anticipate again.

ODE 13.

Against a Tree.

Argument.

The fall of an accursed Tree
Had like t' have prov'd his Destinie.
Men ne'r enough are cautious how
To ward Fate's unexpected blow.
He, Sapho's, *and* Alcæus *Lays,*
Advances with deserved Praise.

Ille nefasto te.

He planted thee (Tree) on a luckless day,
Who e'r did first with impious hand assay

To

To ſet thee, of future race
The Bane, and Village's diſgrace.
I am perſwaded he his hands imbrew'd
In's fathers throat, and private lodgings ſtrew'd
In the night with ſlaughter'd Gueſts:
He handled poys'nous *Colchique* peſts,
And what e'r miſchief can be thought upon,
Who (fatal Tree) unluck'ly ſet thee on
My ground, by thy fall to kill
Thy Maſter, nought deſerving ill.
Men daily too incircumſpect are
What to eſchew. The *Afric* Mariner
Dreads *Boſphor*'s Shelfs, nor elſwhere
Doth undiſcerned Chances fear.
The Souldier ſhafts fears, and ſwift *Parthians* flight:
The *Parthian*, fetters, and *Italian* might:
But *Death with unlook'd for power*
Hath, and all Nations will devour.
How we approach'd where Hel's ſwart Empreſs reigns,
And *Æacus* the Tribunal ſeat retains,
And thoſe Cels of pious ſhades,
And *Sappho* who of vulgar Maids
Howls out complaints on her *Æolian* Lyre:
And thee (*Alcæus*) on thy golden wire,
Warbling loud of Naval toyls,
Of ſhameful flight, and warlike broyls.
The Ghoſts admire t'hear both reciting things
Worthy concealment: rather exil'd Kings,
And Fights, doth the Vulgar Tribe
Crowd with thirſty ear t' imbibe.
What marvail? when (as at thoſe Songs agaſt)
That Fiend with hundred heads did downwards caſt
His fowl ears, and Hel's grim Snake-
Treſs'd Furies recreation take.
Prometheus too, and *Pelops* father, they
With melody beguile their time away:

Neither there delights *Orion*,
To chace the tim'rous Lynx, or Lion.

ODE 14.

To Posthumus.

Argument.

Time's speedy flight. Man's life and state,
Imbounded with a narrow date:
All unto Death obnoxious be,
By irreversible Decree.

Eheu fugaces.

Lass *Posthumus*, years swiftly glide away,
Nor can a pious conscience delay
The approach of wrinckled age,
Or Death's unconquer'd power asswage:
Not, should st each day (friend) Buls three hundred kil
T' appease stern *Pluto*'s unrelenting will:
Who tri-membred *Geryon* pens
And *Tirius* in those *Stygian* fens,
Which all we mortals must be wafted o'r
Who ever feed on Tellus bounteous store:
Though we Regal Scepters sway,
Or as poor Country-swains obey.
In vain we *Mars* his bloody broyls refrain,
And broken billows of loud *Adria*'s Main:
In vain is the Southern-wind,
Each Autumn noxious, declin'd.
Thou must go see *Cocytus* vagrant flood
Roll with dull stream, and *Danaus* wicked Brood,
And *Sisyphus* too, *Æol*'s son,
Doom'd unto torments never done.

Thou

Thou muſt land, houſe, and deareſt wife forgo,
And of theſe trees which recreate thee ſo,
Except odious *Cypreſs*, none
Will follow thee ſo quickly gone.
Thy worthier Heir *Cæcubian* Wines will ſpend,
Which at the leaſt an hundred Keys defend:
And o'th' proud flore better throw,
Than at the High-Prieſts banquets flow.

ODE 15.

Againſt the Luxury of thoſe times.

Argument.

He inveighs againſt th' immenſe exceſs
O'th' preſent Time's luxuriouſneſs.
Then doth the moderation praiſe
Of Romulus, *and* Cato's *dayes.*

Jam pauca aratro.

Now ſumptuous piles of buildings have ingroſt
Even all Earth's akers from the Plough almoſt.
Lo! vaſt Pools on ev'ry ſide
Far than the *Lucrine* Lake more wide:
The ſingle Plane the Elm-tree over-towres:
Then Violets, Myrtles, and all fragrant flowers,
Sents 'mongſt Olive-groves diffuſe
To their firſt Lords of fruitful uſe.
Now rank-branch'd Laurels *Phœbus* ſcorching rays
Cannot tranſpierce. In *Romulus* his daies,
Cato's, and our Elders, then
They no ſuch precepts gave to men.
Low were Particular Purſes, Publick Treaſure
Immenſly grew. No Private man for pleaſure

Rear'd

Rear'd Balcones with pearch ſurvay'd
To cooling *Boreas* open laid.
Laws bid us with Turf-cottage be content,
If't be our chance; and with the Public's rent
Bids raz'd Towns to re-erect,
And ſacred Fanes be newly deckt.

ODE 16.

To Groſphus.

Argument.

All men calm ſetled mindes deſire,
Which neither Riches can acquire,
Nor Honours: But onely the right
Reſtraint of our wild appetite.

Ocium divos.

When *Cynthia* wears a gloomy veil,
And fixed Stars of ſplendour fail,
Men toyl'd on wide *Ægean* Seas
Pray hard eaſe.
'Tis Eaſe fierce *Thracians* requeſt,
For Eaſe the quivered *Medes* conteſt:
But (*Groſphus*) not for Gems nor Gold,
Nor Purple ſold?
Nor Wealth, nor Conſuls Lictors can
Chaſe Tumults from the mind of man,
And Cares, which evermore enthrall
The Rich-roof'd Hall.
He's bleſt in his ſmall pittance, who
His fathers glitt'ring Salt can ſhow:
Nor Fears, nor wretch'd Deſire diſquiet
His reſt at night.

Why

Why in ſhort life ſuch endleſs aims ?
Why flit we where new Phœbus *flames ?*
VVho baniſht, doth from Paſſions vile
Himſelf exile?
Heart-galling Care ſtrong Ships aſcends,
And ſtill on Troops of Horſe attends :
Swift as Cloud-chaſing Eaſtern-windes,
Or nimble Hinds.
The now-pleas'd mind ſhuns future care,
Allays ſad thoughts with gladſom fare :
On every hand endow'd with bliſs
There nothing is.
Quick Death renown'd *Achilles* caught,
And long-ag'd *Tython* brought to nought :
Haps Time will what's deny'd to thee
Decree to me.
Huge Heards, and fat *Sicilian* Cows
Environ thee with roaring lows :
For thee the yoke-fit Filly neighs :
Thou rayments twice
Impurpled wearſt : My changeleſs Fate
Hath bleſt me with a ſmall eſtate,
A vein in Greek verſe, and diſdain
O'th' Vulgar ſtrain.

ODE 17.

To Mæcenas being ſick.

Argument.

VVhen Death Mæcenas *ſhall deprive*
Of life : then he'l not long ſurvive.

Cur me quærelis.

Why ev'n kill'ſt me with thy moanful wails?
It nor Gods pleaſeth, nor ought me avails
Thou (*Mæcenas*) firſt ſhould'ſt dye,
My ſtates ſupport and dignity.
Oh! if, thou deareſt parcel of my heart,
Swift Death ſnatch thee, why ſtays the other part,
Not now ſo dear, nor intire
Surviving, whilſt thou do'ſt expire?
One day ſhall put a period to us both:
I have not vowed a perfidious Oath:
Go we will, though thou precede,
Both joynt-companions to the Dead.
Nor ſhall fire-breath'd *Chimæra*, nor the Great
Gyas with hundred hands, ſhould he retreat
From Hell, my reſolves reſtrain;
So Juſtice, and the Fates ordain.
Though *Libra*, or though *Scorpius* dreadful power,
Of vi lent influence at the native hower,
Or *Capricorn* holding ſway
O'r *Italy*, my birth ſurvay:
Yet both our Conſtellations conſpire
In wondrous harmony. From *Saturn*'s ire
Jove's bright Star hath ſet thee free,
And clipt the wings of Deſtinie,
When on weight-cracking Theaters vulgar crowds
Thrice rang thine acclamations to the clouds:
A falling tree like t' have brain'd
Me, had not *Faunus* hand reſtrain'd
And broke the violence of its pond'rous fall,
That Guardian of wits *Mercurial*.
Raiſe thy vow'd Fane, Victims pay,
A ſmall Lamb-ſacrifice I'le ſlay.

ODE

ODE 18.

Argument.

With little he content can live,
Whilſt others themſelves wholly give
To hoard up wealth, and pleaſe deſire,
As if they never ſhould expire.

Non ebur.

No Ivory, nor Gold-
Fret-roofs my habitations hold;
Nor *Hymet*-beams there ſtand
On Columns hew'd in *Afric*'s land;
Nor as an Heir unknown,
Enjoy'd I *Attalus* his Throne;
Nor clients wives within
For me *Laconian* Purples ſpin.
Yet a true heart have I,
And copious vein of Ingeny.
The rich of me though poor
Beg. I o'th' Gods requeſt no more,
Nor more my Patron ſute,
Suffic'd with onely *Sabin* fruit.
Time ſwiftly time purſues,
And *Cynthia* faſt her horns renews:
Thou do'ſt ('bout to expire)
The poliſhing of Marbles hire;
And, death forgetting, raiſe
Structures; to the lowd *Baian* ſeas
Streching the ſhoar's extent,
Not ſated with the Continent.
Why ſtill with greedy hand
Pluck'ſt up the Boundures of thy land,

And

And (cov'tous) do'ſt engroſs
Thy neighbours confines to his loſs,
Husband, wife, children poor,
Houſhold Gods, all turn'd out a door.
Yet muſt th' rich Land-lord dwell
In no place certainly but Hell,
That Gulf of mortal men.
O! whither tend'ſt thou further then?
Juſt Tellus *opes no more*
To ſons of Princes, than the poor.
Nor dreadfull *Charon* would
Waft ſly *Prometheus* back for Gold:
'Tis he in *Styx* doth chain
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his ſtrain:
He, call'd, or not, the moans
Of poor men hears, relieves their groans.

ODE 19.

Upon Bacchus.

Argument.

He fill'd with Bacchus *power, aſſayes*
T'ebuccinate his fame and praiſe.

Bacchum in remotis

On Rocks remote I *Bacchus* chanc'd t'eſpy,
Teach verſe (ô truſt me ye Poſterity)
Liſtning Nymphs, and Satyrs there
With Goat-feet, and erected ear.
My heart appall'd with ſudden horror, I;
Of *Bacchus* full, ſhout *Evohe* on high:
Forbear *Liber*, ô forbear,
So dreadfull for thy horrid ſpear.

I may have ſtubborn *Thyads* for my Theam,
A Fount of Wine, and Rivers running Cream,
Chaunt again how Honey drils,
And from the hollow ſtem diſtils.
I thy bleſt conſort's glorious conſtellation,
I *Pentheus* Pallace brought to deſolation,
I may ſing the diſmall fate
Of *Thracian Lycurgus* ſtate.
Thou turn'ſt Rivers, and the *Indian* Main,
Thou (ſoak'd with wine) on diſtant mountains la'ne,
Do'ſt *Thrace* womens treſſes plait
In Viper-wreaths without deceit:
Thou, when thoſe impious Gyants climb'd on high,
To *Jove*'s Court Royal through the boundleſs ſky,
Flung'ſt down *Rhœcus* with the claws
Of *Leo*, and his horrid jaws:
Although more prone to dances, ſports, and plays
Thou wert eſteem'd, nor fit for martial frays:
Yet did either War or Peace
Indifferently thy Genius pleaſe.
At thee gold-horn'd, fiend *Cerberus* did look
With harmleſs eye, and fawningly he ſhook
His tayl, and with triple-head
Thy feet toucht, when thou didſt recede.

ODE 20.

To Mæcenas.

Argument.

Horace a Cygnets form aſſumes,
And through the world extends his plumes:
VVhence for a Lyric *Poet's name,*
He aſpires unto immortall fame.

Non

Non usitata.

I metamorphos'd through the Air will fling,
And soar with strange, and lofty-towring wing:
Nor shall earth's Globe longer bear
Me, and plac'd out of Envy's sphear
I'l leave the World. I'm not of extract vile,
Nor, whom *Mæcenas* thou vouchsaf'st that stile
Of *Belov'd*, shall I expire,
Nor to the *Stygian* Pool retire.
Ev'n now my thighs a rougher skin invests,
A white Bird's form my upper parts arrests,
Hands and shoulders now are grown
All o'r with light and feather'd down.
Now I the shape of a shril Swan assume,
I'l mount with swifter than *Icarian* plume
To loud *Bosphor*, *Libyan* sands,
And where the Artic circle stands:
To *Colchus*, *Dacians* smothering their fear
Of *Marsians*, and far *Gelons* I'l appear:
I'l th' experienc'd *Spanierd* guide,
And those who drink of *Rhodan*'s tide.
Cease vain lugubrious ditties at my Herse,
Your doleful plaints, and ill-beseeming tears;
Hold your clam'rous noise, and save
The needless honour of a Grave.

The end of the Second Book.

HORACE

HORACE

HIS THIRD BOOK OF ODES.

ODE I.

Argument.

Nor ſtore of Wealth, nor Honours can
With true content enrich a man:
The minde's Tranquillity it is,
That crowns a man with real bliſs.

Odi prophanum.

I Hate rude Vulgars, chaſing them away.
Hold your tongues. I Muſes Prieſt diſplay
Such Lays as before did ne'r
Salute, or Boy's, or Virgin's ear.
O'r their own Subj.cts dreadful Kings command,
But Kings themſelves *Jove* rules with awful hand:
Fam'd for Gyants overthrow,
And ſteering all things with his brow.

Perhaps with trees one plants more ſpacious lands,
Another ſprung from worthier Linage ſtands
Candidate in *Mars* his Downs,
Another Fame and Vertue crowns,
Another he hath Clients greater ſtore:
But certain Fate enſnares in equal Lore
Both high and low: All ſhall have
Like Fortune in th' all-ſwallowing grave.
Who with drawn ſword impendent o'r his head
Eats meat, to him Sicilian *dainties ſpread*
Reliſh not, no melodies
Of Birds, or Lyre can cloſe his eys.
Senſe-pleaſing ſleep diſdaineth not to ſeaze
On ruſtick Hinds in their poor Cottages:
And the ſhrowded Bank will find,
And *Tempe* ſhook with *Zephyr*'s wind.
He who but what ſufficient is implores,
Cares neither how the boyſt'rous Ocean roars,
Nor what vi'lent ſtorms ſurprize
At Arcture's *ſet, and* Kid's *ariſe:*
Nor for hail-batter'd Vines, nor faithleſs ground:
His Plants now with profuſer ſhowers drown'd,
Now ſcorcht with Stars influence,
Now kill'd through Winter's violence.
The Fiſhes feel their Element decreaſe
With maſſy ſtructures founded in the Seas,
Here throng Taskers with their crews,
And Lords who ſcornfully refuſe
Firm land, their Ground-works lay. But fear & threa
Attend their Lord, wherever he retreats:
Black Care's chained to his ſhips,
And when he rides behind him skips.
But if nor Phrygian *Columns, nor the Wear*
Of Purple raiments that Star-like appear,
Falern Wine, nor Perſian *ſmel*
Can dolours from the mind repel;

H

Why ſhould I rear ſo ſtately an Abode
Of Marble pillars, and the Neweſt mode?
Why exchange my Sabine *ſeat*
For Treaſures cumberſom, though great?

ODE 2.

To his Friends.

Argument.

Boys ſhould, whil'ſt young, learn to ſuſtain
Want, Warfare, Labour, Toyl, and Pain.

Anguſtam amici.

Let luſty Youth (friends) in ſharp Winter try'd
Be train'd Want's pinching preſſures to abide;
And on furious ſteeds advance,
To charge fierce *Parthians* with a Lance:
Live in plain fields, and ſtil in perils laid,
Whom, when from hoſtile Fortreſſes ſurvay'd,
Some dire Tyrant's Queen, or ſweet
Ripe Virgin ſighing thus may greet:
Let not my Princely ſuter (ah!) excite
That Lion's wrath (he inexpert of fight)
Whom bloody ire makes aſſay
Through ſlaughter'd Troops to hew his way.
'Tis gallant for our Countrie's ſake to fall:
Death ſtil purſues the flyer moſt of all;
Nor ſpares youthful hams to ſpurn,
And who their backs from danger turn.
Vertue diſdaining to be baſely checkt,
Shines with true luſtre gorgeouſly deckt:
Nor takes, nor lays Honors down,
As Vulgars pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

Vertue, to those deserve eternity,
Sets Heaven ope, and paths forbid doth try:
And pitcht on high-soaring wings,
Scorns common crews, and earthly things.
Of faithful silence safety's the reward.
Who blazons *Ceres* rites without regard,
One roof sha'n't us both contain,
Nor one frail vessel on the Main.
Jove *oft, when men are from his worship bent,*
With the prophane, torments the innocent.
Slow is vengeance, yet stil in
Pursute of antecedent sin.

ODE 3.

Argument.

A vertuous man dreads nought all.
Queen Juno's *Speech of* Illium's *fall,*
And of that Wars conclusion, whence
Rome's *Empire shall take first commence:*
And from Troy's *flamefull Exequies,*
Unto Renown and Honor rise.

Justum, & tenacem.

An upright man, and wel resolv'd, no Laws
Which frantick Citizens in seditions cause,
Nor fierce Tyrant's frowns can make
His steddy-setled mind to shake:
Not Auster *ruling* Adria's *boyst'rous Main,*
Nor Jove, *whose hands dire Thunder-bolts retain:*
Nay, should th' World's whole Fabrick crack,
He'd not be frighted with the wrack.

By this means *Pollux*, and that man of power,
Vagrant *Alcides* raught the Starry Tower:
Where *Auguſtus* holding rank,
With cherry lips ſweet *Nectar* drank.
Thus thy wild Tygers (*Bacchus*) heretofore
Abhorring yokes, thee worthy honour bore:
And thus ſcap'd *Quirinus* on
The ſteeds of *Mars* from *Acheron*.
When th' Gods conſulting, *Juno* thus began
In grateful ſtile. " Troy, Troy, *a fatal man*,
" *And adult'rous Cenſurer*,
" *And uncouth woman fecht from far*
" *To flames turn'd, when* Laomedon *retracted*
" *That hire, for which he with the Gods compacted:*
" *Curſt to me, and* Pallas *ſince*,
" *And people, and that guileful Prince.*
" *Now th' odious Gueſts bears no reſplendent grace*
" *In* Helen's *eys, nor* Priam's *perjur'd race*,
" *With ſtout* Hector's *aidful hand*
" *Repels the* Græcian *warlike Band:*
" *And Wars prolong'd through our diſſentions ceaſe.*
" *Forthwith my wrath again't* Mars *I'l appeaſe*,
" *And 'gainſt my curſt Offſpring come*
" *Out of that* Troian *Prieſteſs womb.*
" *I'l give him leave t' aſcend thoſe bright Abodes*,
" *And drink that ſacred Potion of the Gods*,
" *And be rank'd in glorious guiſe*
" *Amongſt their bleſt ſocieties.*
" *So that a ſpacious Ocean divide*
" *'Twixt* Rome *and* Illium *with enraged tide:*
" *Let th' exil'd in any place*
" *Reign bleſt: whilſt Herds of cattle graze*
" *On* Priamus *and* Paris *ſepulcher*,
" *And wild Beaſts hide their young in ſafety there:*
" *Let the Capitol glorious ſtand*,
" *And* Rome *the vanquiſh'd* Medes *command.*

" *Let her diffuſe to Earth's remoteſt ends*
" *Her dreadful name, where the main Ocean*
" Europe *from the* Afric *ſtrand,*
" *And ſwelling* Nyle *o'rflows the land:*
" *Shee that can bravelier ſcorn a Mine of Gold,*
" *(Beſt when incavern'd in an Earthen Hold)*
" *Than with Sacrilege produce,*
" *And dig it up for Humane uſe.*
" *Whatever Region of the World withſtands,*
" *Let* Rome *tranſmit there her victorious Bands,*
" *View where fervent* Phœbus *frys,*
" *And where tempeſtuous clouds ariſe.*
" *But to brave* Romans *I this Fate reveal,*
" *On theſe terms: that through too much pious zeal,*
" *And confidence, they'l not dare*
" *T' attempt again old* Troy's *repair.*
" *Nay, ſhould't again fantaſtically Spring,*
" *I, Wife and Siſter of* Olympus *King,*
" *There would lead my conquering Train,*
" *And lay't quite deſolate again.*
" *If* Phœbus *thrice renew its Brazen wall,*
" *It thrice demoliſht by my* Greeks *ſhould fall,*
" *Thrice the captive Wife ſhould ſore*
" *Her Husbands, and her Sons deplore.*
But theſe Theams ſuit not with my jocund Lyre.
O! where ſo faſt bold Muſe? a while reſpire
From Gods Speeches, and debaſe
Not lofty things with humble Lays.

ODE

ODE 4.

To Calliope.

Argument.

With aid of Sacred Muſes, he
From many dangers ſcaped free.
Unto all thoſe it hapneth ill,
Who 'gainſt the Gods are acting ſtil.

Deſcende cœlo.

Leave Heav'n (ô Queen *Calliope*) and play
Upon thy Pipe a long melodious Lay,
Quaver with thy voice ſo ſhril,
Or with *Apollo*'s Lyric quil.
Hark! hear y' her not? or doth Love-phrenſie jear
My ſenſes thus? me-thinks I even hear
Her to ſacred Groves repair,
'Mongſt pleaſant Springs, and gentle Air.
I proſtrate on Mount *Vulture* on a time,
Beyond the precincts of *Appulia*'s Clime,
My birth-place, young, and with play,
And ſleep o'rcome, Turtles, they ſay,
O'r-ſpread me with green boughs: Moſt ſtrange to all
Confin'd in lofty *Acherontia*'s wall,
Or *Bantine* woods, or thoſe fields
Ferentum's fertile valley yields:
How I a tender Infant, voyd of fears,
(So Gods aſſiſting) ſlept ſecure from Bears,
And foul Vipers: how my Creſt
Was all with Bays and Myrtle dreſt.
I'm yours (Muſes) yours, though on *Sabine* Hil,
Or where *Præneſte*'s cooler ſtreams diſtil,
Or nigh *Tibur*'s ſteep deſcent,
Or *Baiæ*'s Springs ſo eminent.

Not th' Army at *Philippi* put to flight,
Nor fatal Tree, nor *Palinurus* ſite
In *Sic'lie*'s Sea, can inſpire
Me with hate of your Founts or Quire.
In your ſociety, gladly I'l aſſay
Through raving *Bo*ſ*phor*'s deeps to break my way:
And paſs o'r the ſcorched ſand
Of vaſt *Aſſyria*'s droughty ſtrand.
I'l go and ſeek th' inhumane *Britans* out,
And *Concanes* bouzing horſes bloud about:
I'l to quiver'd *Gelons* go,
And over *Tanais* ſafely row.
Ye recreate with your *Pierian* ſtrains,
Great *Caſar* ſtriving to conclude his pains,
When his troopes with Warfare ſpent,
Are to their Winter-quarters ſent.
Ye (gracious) deign mild Counſel, and are joy'd
Therein. We know whoſe Thunder-bolts deſtroy'd,
And cut that flagitious Race
Of *Titans* from off *Tellus* face.
Ev'n he who 'lone doth juſt command retain
O'r fix'd Earth, and the tempeſtuous Main,
Cities, and Hels diſmall Den,
And Deities, and mortall men.
Thoſe dreadful young men truſting in their power,
Struck *Jove* agaſt in his ætherial Bower,
Trying *Pelion* to throw
On Mount *Olympus* ſhady brow.
But what could huge *Typhæus*, or the might
Of *Mimas*, or *Porphyrions* threatful height?
What could *Rhœcus* do, or he
That could extirp, and fling a tree,
Enœladus, ſhould they in violent mood
Fall upon *Pallas* tinckling ſhield: here ſtood
Greedy *Vulcan*, there was plac'd
Jove's Queen, and he with Bow ſtill grac'd,

Who

Who in *Caſtalian* Chryſtal liquor ſteeps
His ſheveled locks, in *Lycian* thickets keeps,
And native Grove, *Phœbus* fam'd,
From *Patara* and *Delos* nam'd.
A ſenſleſs ſtrength's with its own waight o'rthrown:
VVel-order'd force the Gods raiſe to renown,
Scourging thoſe with deadly hate
VVho ſtil on miſchief ruminate.
Let *Gyges* fam'd for hundred hands atteſt
The truth of theſe my ſentences expreſt,
And, who tempted *Dian*'s ſtain,
Orion, with her arrow ſlain.
Entombing Earth her monſtrous brood doth wail,
Mourning her ſons to *Pluto*'s pitchy vale
Are Thunder-ſtruck: neither yet
Is *Ætna* ſpent with active heat.
Nor leaves that Fowl (Luſt's tort'ring Guardian ever)
To prey upon laſcivious *Tityus* Liver:
With three hundred chains at leaſt
Is raviſhing *Perithous* preſt.

ODE 5.

Argument.

Auguſtus *prais'd. The infamy*
Of Craſſus. *The brave conſtancy*
Of Regulus; *and his retreat*
To Carthage, *that renowned ſeat.*

Cœlo tonantem.

We hold the Thunderer ſways the Heavenly Throne:
Cæſar now reigning ſhall b' inſtalled one

Of

Of the Gods, for overthrow
Of *Britans*, and dire *Perſian* foe.
Hath *Craſſus* Souldier ſcandaliz'd his life,
Living prophanely with a Barbarous Wife?
O vile Court, and change of things!
Doth Age, whilſt under *Median* Kings,
The *Marſians* and *Appulians* ſurprize
Amongſt their near allyed enemies,
Shields, Fame, Gown, and *Veſta*'s Fire
Forget, *Jove* ſafe, and *Rome* entire?
This did wiſe *Regulus* cautiouſly prevent,
Who to baſe terms diſdain'd to yeeld aſſent,
And give pattern, that might be
Pernicious to Poſteritie:
Had not the captivated Young man dy'd
Unpitty'd. "*I in* Punic *Fanes eſpy'd*
"*Colours* (*quoth he*) *and from foe*
"*Arms ranſacked without a blow:*
"*I ſaw free Citizens faſt in Fetters chain'd,*
"*Their pinion'd arms behind their backs reſtrain'd:*
"*Gates ſet ope, Grounds newly till'd,*
"*Late ſpoyl'd when we maintain'd the field.*
"*The well-pay'd Souldier will* (*'tis true*) *aſſault*
"*More bravely. Ye adde dammage to your fault:*
"*Nor will robes once ſtain'd indue,*
"*Or reaſſume their former hue.*
"*Nor cares true Vertue, when once in the wane,*
"*To be repair'd by th' worſer Tribe again.*
"*If a Hinde ſcap'd from the Toyl*
"*Be rageful; ſhall his valour boyl*
"*Who yeelds himſelf to his perfideous foe?*
"*And ſhall he* Carthage *again overthrow*
"*Who bare ſcourges ſtothfully*
"*With fetter'd arms, and fear'd to dye?*
"*He not wel knowing whence to hope for life,*
"*Obtain'd a truce in heat of warlike ſtrife.*

"*Oh*

" *Oh ſhame!* Carthage *grown more high*
" *Through baſely ruin'd* Italy!
They ſay his Wife's chaſt kiſſes he declin'd,
And tender babes, (as grown of humbler mind)
And how's grim and manly face
Was fixt on earth with groveling gaze:
Till (as a leader) he confirm'd th' intents
O'th' Wavering Senate with new Arguments,
And like a brave baniſht man,
From friends lamenting ſwiftly ran.
Yet knew he well what tortures he ſhould bide:
Who ne'rtheleſs ſo ſhov'd his friends aſide
That obſtructed him, and thoſe
Who needs would his Return oppoſe,
As though he left his Client's tedious ſute,
Arriv'd to iſſue, for to proſecute
The way to *Venafrum*'s grounds,
Or ſweet *Tarentum*'s pleaſant bounds.

ODE 6.

To the Romanes.

Argument.

What evils Latium *ſuſtain'd,*
While it th' Gods ſervices diſdain'd:
And how all men with ſin, and vice
Polluted be, this Ode deſcries.

Delicta majorum.

Thou *Romane* ſhalt deſertleſs ſuffer pain
For Parents crimes, till thou repair again
The Gods Fanes, and Temples ſpoyl'd,
And Statues all with ſmoak beſoyl'd.

'Cauſe

'Cauſe thou obey'ſt the Gods, thou bear'ſt the ſway.
At them begin, at them conclude the day.
When once Latium *waves the Gods,*
It feels their dire chaſtiſing rods.
Now twice *Monæſes*, and *Pacorus* ſtrength
Hath quell'd our inauſpicious force at length:
And much joy a pris'ner's found
To be in chains ſo ſlender bound.
The *Dacian* and the *Ethiope* raz'd the town,
With Wars inteſtine half-demoliſh'd down:
Th'one on Seas more dreadful ſhows,
The other arrows better throws.
Thoſe ſin-rife times firſt fyl'd the Nuptial-bed,
To houſe and kindred then th' infection ſpred:
From hence ſprang that diſmall fate
Which overthrew the Countrey's ſtate.
The ripe Mayd joys to learn *Ionic* dances,
Ev'n now practiſing artificial prances:
And in tender years begins
To exerciſe *Venereal* ſins.
Straight maried, and her husband drunk, ſhe muſt
Have abler par'mours to fulfill her luſt,
And (lights extinct) without choyce
Ev'n proſtitutes forbidden joys.
But ſhe, when Factors becken, will ariſe
To lewd embracements in her husbands eys,
Or at *Spaniſh* Pilot's price,
The coſtly purchaſer of Vice.
No iſſue from ſuch Anceſtors as theſe
With *Punic* blood impurpled the ſeas,
Nor caus'd *Pyrrhus* King to fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hanniball.*
But they ſtout Rural Souldiers were, and skill'd
With *Sabine* ſpade to cultivate the field,
And at their ſtrict dames deſire
Hugg'd home hew'n logs to kindle fire,

As ſoon as *Phœbus* mountain ſhades revok'd,
And Country-ſwains their tyred draughts unyok'd:
And *Sol* drencht in Weſtern Seas,
The night return'd with grateful eaſe.
VVhat doth Time's all-conſuming teeth forbear?
Our Fathers are worſe than our Grandſires were;
VVe worſe than they, ſtraight ſhall we
A more corrupted Ofspring ſee.

ODE 7.

To Aſterie.

Argument.

Aſterie ſad, her husband gone,
He chears with conſolation:
Adviſing her ſhe would retain
Chaſt Faith till his return again.

Quid fles.

Why do'ſt (*Aſterie*) *Gyges* ſo deplore,
Whom favouring *Zephyres* will in ſpring reſtore,
Laden with *Thynian* ware,
And for conſtant vertue rare?
He thrown with ſtorms on *Orcus*'s ſhore,
Fierce *Capra*'s Conſtellation raving ſore,
O'th' cold nights mainly wept,
Neither one wink ever ſlept.
But th' Meſſengers that perplext Lady ſent,
To prove him thouſand ſubtle ways invent;
Averring *Chloe* ſighs,
And wretch with thy *Cupid* frys.
Tell's how a perjur'd womans accuſation,
Forc'd credulous *Pretus* with forg'd allegation,

The

The death to haſten on
Of chaſt-liv'd *Bellephron.*
Relates of *Peleus* in a manner ſlain,
Whiles he chac'd from *Magneſſa* flys amain,
And cunning gives advice
'Gainſt Sin-teaching Hiſtorys:
In vain though: For, deaf as *Icarian* ſhelf,
He ſhuns their crys; yet uncorrupt himſelf:
But ſee thou do not prove
Laſcivious *Eunipeus* love.
Though there be none more skilfully can reign
A warlike Steed upon the *Martian* Plain,
Nor can ſo quickly ſwim
Tybers chanel like to him.
At night thy doors ſhut, nor the ſtreets ſurvay,
Although the Pipe a plaintful ditty play:
And ſtill unconquer'd be,
Though hard-hearted he call thee.

ODE 8.

To Macenas.

Argument.

No reaſon that Mæcenas *ſhould*
It for an admiration hold,
He ſhould Mars *Calends celebrate,*
Although he live in ſingle ſtate.

Martiis cœlebs.

How I a Batch'lour ſpend my hours
On *Mars* his Calends, what mean flowers,
And Incenſe-bolls, and coals on green
Turf-altars ſeen,

Th'

Th' admir'ſt, ô thou profoundly skill'd
In either tongue. I almoſt kill'd
With falling tree, ſweet Cates devote,
And white He-goat.

He yearly on this very day
Will fling the roſin'd Can away,
To ſoak Wine, old as *Tullus* date
Of Conſulate.

Mæcenas bouze the hundreth Cup
To thy friends health: night-lamps ſet up
Upon fair Day: from hence retire
All noyſe and ire.

Let paſs all civil cares for *Rome*,
For *Dacian Cottiſon*'s o'rcome:
Now *Scyths* with bow unbended yeeld,
And quit the field.

Heed not though Vulgars toyl ſuſtain:
Thou (private) publick Care refrain,
And uſing what time preſent brings,
Shun ſerious things.

ODE 9.

To Lydia.

Argument.

An interlocutory ſtrain,
Graving old Loves renew'd again.

Donec gratus.

Hor. Whilſt I was grateful in thy ſight,
Nor any young man with more welcom might
Around

Around thy neck with ſweet embrace,
No *Perſian* King enjoy'd a bleſter grace.
Lyd. Whilſt no ſtrange fire inflam'd thy blood,
Nor *Lydia*'s beauty after *Chloe*'s ſtood,
I *Lydia* far for honour nam'd,
Ev'n than the *Roman Ilia* liv'd more fam'd.
Hor. Now *Thracian Chloe* ſways my heart,
Wel-skill'd in prick-ſong, & to play her part:
For whom I'l not fear death's arrive,
So Fate will but permit her to ſurvive.
Lyd. Me, *Calais Thurian Orinth*'s ſon
Enflames with mutual amorous paſſion:
For whom I twice would death ſuſtain,
So Fate would let the Young man here re-
Hor. What if we our old Loves renew, (main.
And 'gain perfore a brazen yoke indue?
Or if I ſlaxen *Chloe* quit,
And once excluded *Lydia* re-admit?
Lyd. Though he than Stars appear more bright,
And thou than floating Cork more vainly
And fierce as *Adria* ſwelling high: (light,
With thee I'l live, with thee I'l gladly dye.

ODE 10.

Againſt Lyce.

Argument.

Harſh Lyce *adverti*ſ*ed here*
*She would hard-heartedne*ſ*s forbear:*
*And ſome commi*ſ*eration grant*
To him, her humble ſupplicant.

Extremum Tanaim.

Lyce hadſt drunk of remote *Tanais* tide,
Or to ſome barbarous *Scythian* been a Bride,

Yet,

Yet, me proſtrate before thy doors, thou ſhould
Bewail t' expoſe to Northern cold.
Hear'ſt how the Gates crack? how the Woods reſound
'Mongſt beauteous ſtructures placed all around?
And how the Air conglaciates the Snow,
When all the Heav'ns ſerenely ſhow?
All pride ingrateful unto Lovers ſhun:
Leſt Fortune's wheel ſhould retrogradely run.
No *Tyrrhene* Father hath begotten thee
On hard-to-wo *Penelope.*
Although with thee nor Gifts, nor Prayers avail,
Nor Lovers violet tinctures mixt with pale,
Nor thy mate Love-ſtruck with *Pierian* whore;
O ſpare thy Suppliants I implore:
Thou more relentleſs than a rigid Tree,
And *Maurian* Serpents not ſo cruel be,
My tender ſides not always can ſuſtain
At thy hard Doors down-ſyling rain.

ODE 11.

To Mercurie.

Argument.

He prays God Mercury *to ſupply*
Him with Ear-charming ſongs, whereby
He Lydie's *heart may captivate.*
Then th' Danaids *Fable doth relate.*

Mercuri, nam te.

Mercury (for with thy charming tones
Amphion hal'd along the ſtones)
And thou ô my melodious Lyre
With ſevenfold wyre:

Once mute, nor warbling grateful ſtrains,
Now fit for Rich mens boards and Fanes;
Chant Lays, which froward *Lyde* might
Hear with delight.
Who as a three-year'd Filly trips
In ſpacious fields: from handling skips,
Nor *Venus* knows, nor is as yet
For husband fit.
Thou diſmall Tygers canſt command,
Allure the Woods, make Rivers ſtand.
Hell's Porter *Cerberus* he obeys
Thy rav'ſhing Lays,
Though on his Fury-garded head,
An hundred horrid ſnakes be ſpread,
And from his three-tongu'd jaws he caſts
Foul poys'nous blaſts.
Ixion too, and *Tityos* ſmile,
Though 'gainſt their wils: the Urn a while
Stood idle, whil'ſt thy ditty chears
The *Danaids* ears.
Let *Lyde* hear the villany,
And mayds notorious penaltie,
Their tub ſtil filling, never full,
And Fates ſo dull,
Which for ſin's guilt, torment in Hell.
Oh dire! what more nefarious tell?
Thoſe varlets in their husbands bloud
Their ſwords imbrew'd.
One 'mongſt the reſt deſerved high
Her Bridal Torch, for glorious lye
T' her perjur'd Sire, her honor'd name
Of laſting fame.
Who bad her husband, " *Riſe, ariſe,*
" *Leſt ſuddain Death's ſleep thee ſurpriſe,*
" *Thy Father, and dire Siſter cheat*
With cunning feat.

" *Who*

" *Who, as when Lioneſſes fall*
" *On Calves, in pieces tear 'um all;*
" *I gentler, nor will thee aſſault,*
" *Nor hold in vault.*
" *Me, let my Father captivate,*
" *'Cauſe I had pity on my Mate :*
" *Or to remote* Numidia
" *Ship me away.*
" *Go where thou wilt, by Sea, or Land,*
" *Whilſt Night and Love propitious ſtand:*
" *Go bleſt, and on my Tomb-ſtone paint*
" *Thy mindful Plaint.*

ODE 12.

To Neobule.

Argument.

They live in miſerable thrall
Whom no refreſhments chear at all:
Stout Heber *wounds with amorous dart*
His Sweet-heart Neobule's *heart.*

Miſerarum eſt.

They'r wretched, who in Love ne'r recreate,
Nor with ſweet Wines their maladies abate,
With fear of Vncle's ſharp reproof diſmay'd.
Thy basket (*Neobule*) *Cupid* takes,
And *Liparean Hebrus* luſtre makes
Thee leave thy web, and painful *Pallas* trade.
He than *Bellephron* can better ride,
At Hand-fights, Foot-courſe ſtill victorious try'd,
When his oyl'd limbs are bath'd in *Tiber*'s flood :

He cunning is to chaſe a roaming Hart,
O'r Champains, and transfix him with his dart,
And ſurprize Bores skult in the buſhy wood.

ODE 13.

To the Fountain of Blanduſia.

Argument.

He to Blanduſia's *chriſtal Spring*
A Kid for Sacrifice will bring:
And doth the ſweet delights recount,
Of that refrigerating Fount.

O fons Blanduſiæ.

Blanduſian Spring, tralucenter than glaſs,
Worthy Wine-offerings, deck'd with flowry graſs,
I'l ſlay to thee to morn
A Kid crown'd with youthfull horn,
Chooſing his Mate, and conflicts; all in vain:
For a laſcivious Ofspring ſhall diſtain,
And fyle thy frigid flood
With mixture of Purple blood.
Thou'rt free from Dog-ſtar's fervent influence:
Thou do'ſt thy ſweet refreſhing Streams diſpenſe
To Bullocks tired out,
And Heards roaving all about.
Ev'n thou ſhalt be a far-renowned Spring,
Whil'ſt I of Rocks crown'd with the *Ilex* ſing:
Whence thy loud waters ruſh
Down head-long with vi'lent guſh.

ODE 14.

To the People of Rome.

Argument.

The Lyric chants Auguſtus *praiſe,*
Returning with Victorious Bays
From fartheſt Spain, *when he the ſtout*
Cantabrians *had put to rout.*

Herculis ritu.

He, who like *Herc'les* (Vulgars) ſought
Bay-wreaths, with fatal dangers bought,
Cæſar, victorious is from *Spain*
Comm'd home again.
Let her that in one Husband joys,
Come forth, and make due Sacrifice:
Let *Cæſar*'s Siſter, Mothers dight
In homely plight
Come with their daughters, and young men,
From Wars returned ſafe agen:
Ye Boys, and late-ſpous'd Wives refrain
From Curſes vain.
This day right Feſtival to me,
From penſive Care ſhall ſet me free:
Whom ſtirs, nor violent death amaze,
While *Cæſar* ſways.
Go Boy, fetch Garlands, red'lent Oyls,
A But ſtor'd up i'th' *Marſian* broyls:
If vagrant *Spartacus* his rape
One could eſcape.
Bid ſhril *Neæra* to make haſt,
And pleat her flaxen treſſes faſt:
If th' envious Porter hinder thee,
Away quick flee.

Gray hairs their paſſions will aſſwage,
Who young were prone to brawls and rage,
I'd not, when *Plancus* Conſul ſate,
This tolerate.

ODE 15.

Againſt Chloris.

Argument.

That Chloris *(now well ſtept in Age)*
Should Luſt and Wantonneſs aſſwage.

Uxor pauperis.

At length, poor *Ibicus*'s wife,
Affix a period to thy vicious life,
And unto thy reproachful trade.
And now that Death ſo near approach hath made,
'Mongſt Maids leave playing, nor enſhroud
Thoſe fulgent Stars with thy obſcuring cloud.
Nor *(Chloris)* think that ſeemeth thee,
Which gracefully becomes thy *Pholoe*.
Thy daughter breaks ope Young mens doors
Better, like *Thyas* rag'd when Timbrel rores:
Renown'd *Luceria*'s fleeces grace
Thee more when old, than any Lyric Layes,
Or Crowns with Roſes deckt about,
Or Hogſheads to th' extremeſt dregs drunk out.

ODE

ODE 16.

To Macenas.

Argument.

Our Poet doth herein unfold
Th' inſuperable force of Gold:
But pleas'd with his own fortune is,
Which yeelds him true content and bliſs.

Incluſam Danaen.

A brazen Turret, and Gates firmly barr'd,
And of ſtil-watchful Dogs a diſmal guard,
Did captiv'd *Danae* ſafe enough impale
From night-Adulterers aſſail;

Had *Jove* and *Venus* not by chance beguil'd
Acriſius Guardian of his hidden child:
For they their paſſage ſafe and open knew,
Should th' God a Golden ſhape indue.

Gold can divide the rankeſt Troops aſunder,
Yea break through Rocks, more powerfull is than Thunder.
The Argive *Augur's houſe was overthrown*
For gain, and of Earth ſwallow'd down.

King Philip *rampir'd Gates of Cities brake*
With Gifts, and made ambitious Princes quake:
And gifts are powerful to illaqueate,
And catch dire Pilots by deceit.

Stil further Care attends augmenting ſtore,
And an inſatiate Appetite of more.

Worthy *Mæcenas*, juſtly dreaded I,
T' advance my eminent Creſt on high.

The more things men do from themſelves reſtrain,
The more the Gods will unto them ordain.
I poor, thoſe who nought covet, go to ſee,
And gladly Rich mens houſes flee:

Of my ſmall pittance a more glorious Lord,
Than in my Garners were I ſayd to hoord
What e'r th' induſtrious *Appulian* reaps,
Stil indigent 'mongſt wealthy heaps.

My Chriſtal Streams, and Grove of narrow bounds,
And certain Crops from never-failing grounds,
The ſplendent Soveraign of rich *Afric*'s ſtate
Diſcerneth not ſo bleſt a Fate.

Though no *Calabrian* Honey I diſtil:
Nor yet in *Læſtrigonian* Rundlets fill
Old Wine, nor *Gallia*'s richer Paſtures ſtock
With e'r a Fleece-inveſted flock.

Yet urgent Want from me is chas'd away,
Nor ask'd I more, ſhouldſt thou from giving ſtay.
I, with reign'd will, and more content, depoſe
My little Rents: than ſhould I cloſe

And conjoyn *Mygdon*'s Plains with *Alliat*'s Land.
Who much deſire, of much they needfull ſtand.
He's Bleſt whoſe wants God ſparingly ſupplies,
Yet gives him what may well ſuffice.

ODE

QDE 17.

To Ælius Lamia.

Argument.

He Lamia's *Regal ſtem diſplays*
Forth in Encomiaſtic Layes:
Wills him his Genius to chear,
Againſt the preſag'd ſtorm appear.

Æli, vetuſto.

O *Ælius*, ſprung from *Lamus* ancient name,
From whoſe ſtem all precedent *Lamias* came,
And thy Family and Tribe,
Which noting Regiſters deſcribe:
Thou from his loyns draw'ſt thine Originall,
Who reigned firſt within the *Formian* wall,
And whoſe amply-ſpread command
Raught *Liris*, laving *Marie*'s ſtrand.
An Eaſtern Tempeſt ſhall with furious roar
Fling leaves in Woods, and weeds upon the ſhore:
If the aged Crow deſcry
A true preſaging Augury.
Lay, while thou canſt, dry faggots on the fire:
With luſhious Wine to morrow feed Deſire,
A Pig fat, and tender ſlay,
And let thy Hindes keep Holy-day.

ODE

ODE 18.

To Faunus.

Argument.

He Woods frequenting Faunus *prayes,*
As he o'r his Incloſure ſtrayes,
To paſs innoxiouſly among
His Heards, and not his Younglings wrong.

Faune, Nympharum.

Faunus, who flying Nymphs do'ſt love,
Along my Confines gently rove,
And harmleſly flee from among
My tender Young:

A Kid dies when the year is up,
Wine flows in *Venus* loved Cup,
And thy old Altar doth diſpenſe
Much Frankincenſe.

All flocks ſport on the verdant Plain,
December's Nones return'd again;
Towns-men in Meads. and Cattle all
Keep Feſtival.

The Wolf 'mongſt ſecure Lambkins roves,
For thee are Boughs ſtrew'd in the Groves;
The Ditcher skips with trebled Bound
From th' hated ground.

ODE 19.

To Teliphus.

Argument.

At Telephus *he ſcofs, who whiles*
He Hiſtoryes obſolete compiles;
Of things which chiefly conſtitute
An happy life is wholly mute.

Quantum diſtat.

The ſpace 'twixt *Inachus* his reign,
And *Codrus* bravely for his Country ſlain,
And *Æacus* his Kin, and Fights
Fought under ſacred *Ilium* thou writes:
But of a *Choan* Hogſhead's price,
And who with fire cold water qualifies,
In whoſe houſe, and what hour t' allay
Pelignian cold, thou not one word do'ſt ſay.
Boy, quick bring Cups for *Cynthia's* riſe,
And for Mid-night, bring th' Augurs cup likewiſe,
Murena's, and carrouze off Wine,
No leſs than three Healths, and no more than nine.
A Poet, who th' unequal Tribe
Of Muſes loves, let him nine Jugs imbibe.
The Graces with nak'd Siſters joyn'd,
Let them, for fear of brawlings, be confin'd,
And drink three cups off, and no more.
O, how I love to frolick it, and roar!
Why ſounds not ſtill the *Phrygian* Flute?
Why Pipes, and Harps permitted to be mute?
I parſimonious hands deſpiſe.
Strew Roſes; and let our wild frantick noyſe
Arrive to envy'd *Lycus* ears,
And neighbour Maid unfit for *Lycus* years.

Mature-

Mature-grown *Chlöe* courts thee now,
Telphus grac'd with rank locks of comely ſhew,
And bright as radiant *Veſper*: I,
I waſting ardour for my *Glycæres* fry.

ODE 20.

To Pyrrhus.

Argument.

How dangerous a thing 'twould prove
T abſtract Nearchus *from his love.*

Non vides quanto.

Pyrrhus, how dang'rous 'tis, confeſs,
To take Whelps from a Lyoneſs:
Straight thou ſcarr'd Raviſher wilt run,
When battel's done.

When ſhe through crowds of youthful men
Shall to *Nearchus* turn agen,
Great Queſtion 'tis who bears away
The greater Prey.

As thou prepar'ſt thy ſpeedy Piles,
She wheets her dreadful Tusks the whiles:
He (th' Umpire) trampled down (they ſay)
The Victor's Bay,

And waſhed his ſweet ſhiveled hair
With gentle blaſts: like *Nireus* fair,
Or *Ganymede* ſnacht up from fount-
full *Ida*'s Mount.

ODE

ODE 21.

To his Wine-vessell.

Argument.

He speaks t' his Rundlet to effuse,
For Corvine's *sake, choice* Massic *juice:*
Thence takes occasion to define
The praises and effects of Wine.

O nata mecum.

Kind Vessel, coætaneous with my date,
Compos'd when *Manlius* bare the Consulate,
Whether thou invite to weep,
Or jest, or brawl, or love, or sleep,
Whate'r mark thy choice *Massic* liquors hide,
Wel-worthy broaching on some sacred Tide:
Now *Corvinus* thee injoyns,
Come down, and tap thy mellow Wines.
He, though well-studi'd in *Socratic* books,
Contemns thee not with sour and rigid looks:
And grave *Cato* as is fam'd,
Was oft with *Bacchus* gift inflam'd.
Thou sometimes sett'st upon a gentle rack
Severe wits: thou the wiser pates canst make
With thy mirth-creating juyce
Ev'n all their secret'st thoughts effuse.
Thou do'st the Forelorn with Hope fortifie:
And mak'st the Poor man lift his horns on high,
Who drunk, nor the Scepters fears
Of Kings incens'd, nor Souldiers Spears.
For *Bacchus, Venus* (if in merry cue)
And *Graces* loth to break the social Crue,
And lamps lighted, shalt thou run,
Till Stars decline the Orient Sun.

ODE

ODE 22.

Upon Diana.

Argument.

He Dian's *offices relates,*
To whom his Pine he dedicates.

Montium cuſtos.

O tripple Queen of Woods and Hils,
Who freeſt parturient wombs from ills
At three Orizons, and do'ſt ever
Them ſafe deliver:
Accept the Pine that ſhrouds my Farm,
Which yearly I'l imbrew with warm
Bore's blood, that ſacrificed ſtrike
With tuſks oblique.

ODE 23.

To Phidile.

Argument.

With ſpotleſs hands, and conſcience free
From guilt, the Gods ador'd muſt be.

Supinas cœlo.

If (Ruſtick *Phidile*) thou, at *Luna*'s riſe
Heave ſuppliant hands up to the Deities;
If thou to thy *Lars* diſpenſe
New Fruit, Sow's fleſh, and Frankincenſe:
No noxious *Afric* ſhall thy Vines deſtroy,
Nor Blaſts, nor Mildews thy Corn-fields annoy,

Nor

Nor ſhall thy ſweet Progeny
In inſalubrious Autumn dye.
For 'tis the votive Sacrifice that grazes
'Mongſt Okes and Elms on *Algid*'s ſnowy places,
Or *Albania*'s graſſie Plain,
Whoſe blood muſt the Prieſt's bill's diſtain.
Thee, who inveſts the puny Gods with ſprigs
Of Roſemary, and tender Myrtle-twigs,
It concerneth not at all,
That vaſt Sheep-victims for them fall.
Who touches th' Altar with unſtained hands,
His Meal and crackling Salt as welcom ſtands
To th' incens'd Gods, as if come
Fraught with a glorious Hecatomb.

ODE 24.

Againſt Covetous Rich men.

Argument.

Nor Riches can protect the heart
From Fear, or Death's all-ſmiting dart.
The Scyths *and* Getes *moſt happy be,*
Who all in common have, and free.
Againſt the filthy luſt, and crimes,
And ſenſleſs Avarice of the times:
When Sires to pile up Wealth contend,
For their luxurious Heirs to ſpend.

Intactis opulentior.

Enjoy'dſt thou wealthier Magazines
Than th' Arabs *Treaſure, or the* Indian *Mines;*
Or did thy ſpacious Structures keep
Ev'n all the Tyrrhene, *and the* Pontic *Deep:*

Yet

Yet if once direful Fate assail
Thy lofiy'st Mast with Adamantine nail;
Nought can exempt thy mind from dread,
Nor from Death's engines extricate thy head.
The *Scyths* live better on the Plains,
Hating their unfixt houses in their wains,
And rigid *Getes*, whose Akers lye
All unset out, and in community,
With Fruit and Corn abounding: where
They love no tillage longer than a year:
And as one hath his toyls o'recome,
Another straight succeeds into his room.
There Stepdames with imperious awe
Insult not o'r their orphan Sons-in-law:
Nor th' endow'd Wife her Husband guides,
Nor in her fine Adulterer confides.
Extraction from a vertuous strain,
And chastness fearing Nuptial Vow to stain,
That sin detests, and death esteems
Its due Reward, an ample Dowry seems.
Oh! whose'r desires t' assuage
All horrid slaughters, and seditious Rage:
If he on Marble statues would
Be stil'd his Country's Father, let him hold
His unquell'd lust in aw, so he
Shall be renowned to Posteritie:
For Present Vertue we neglect
But aspire't when transcending our aspect.
Oh sin! VVhy wail we thus in vain,
If vicious men no punishment restrain?
To what end are vain Laws confected
VVithout Religion? If not Clymes subjected
Unto the flagrant Zone, or those
Whom *Boreas* frigid region doth inclose
Nor Snows congeal'd on *Tellus* face,
Can greedy Merchants from their Traffick chase

O'r

O'r rough Seas nimble Sailors fly?
Want ever deem'd the greateſt infamy,
To act, and bide all things enjoynes,
Yet Vertu's toylſome path-way ſti lecines.
Or let's the Capitoll ſet out,
Fill'd with throng Parties, and tumultuous ſhout?
Or ith next Ocean let us fling
Each gem, and ſtone, and uſeleſs Golden-thing,
Th' occaſion of the high'ſt Offence.
If for our ſinns we have true Penitence,
We from our corrupt natures muſt
Extirp in time the growing ſeeds of Luſt,
And in our tender yeares, the mind
Muſt with auſterer Præcepts be refin'd.
The Free-born Youth to ſteeds unwont,
He cannot ride, and is afraid to hunt:
And can more dextrouſly chaſtiſe
A *Grecian* Top, and throw th' unlawfull Dice.
While his perjurious Father cheats
His Gueſts, and conſorts with fallacious ſeats,
And ſtrives for Treaſures pil'd up high,
For's worth-leſs Heir to ſpend Luxurioufly.
Thus ſinfull Wealth growes, yet we more
Would ſuperadſtill to our former ſtore.

ODE 25.

Upon Bacchus.

Argument.

The Lyric of God Bacchus *craves,*
T' induct him to his Bowers, and Caves.
Where with his influence repleat,
He may Auguſtus *praiſe repeat.*

Quo me Bacche.

Where dragg'ſt me (*Bacchus*) with thy Power
Repleat? to what Grove, or obſcurer Bower
Am I hal'd, with transformed mind?
In what Recluſes is my Muſe confin'd,
While *Cæſars* endleſs Honour I
Advance to Heaven, and rank with *Jove* on high?
I'l ſing a glorious, and new verſe,
Such as no man did ere before reherſe.
Juſt ſo layes *Evius* in a muſe
Awak'd on lofty Mountains, whence he views
Cold *Heber's* ſtreams, and ſnowy *Thrace*,
And *Rhodope* where barbarous people trace.
O how do I (a wandrer) love
T' admire the Craggs and ſolitary Groves!
King of Flood-Nimphs, and *Bacchæ's*, who
Can with your hands tall Aſh-trees overthrow:
No petty Theme in humble phraze,
No mortall Subject ſhall my Muſe deblaze.
Bacchus, ſweet danger 'tis to chaſe (grace.
A God, whoſe Creſt green Vine-branch Crownets

ODE 26.

To Venus.

Argument.

The Poet now well ſtruck in years,
His lyre, and amorous Themes forbears:
And prayes the Cyprian *Queen to dart*
One love-ſhaft at proud Chloe's *heart.*

Vixi puellis.

I lately with young Virgins did comply,

And was in *Cupids* Camp renowned high:
Now my Engins (warrs at end,)
And Lute I'l on this wall ſupend,
Bord'ring on Sea-born *Venus'es* left hand
Here, here let my enlightning Tapour ſtand,
With my Leavers, and my Bow?
That barr'd- up doors can open throw.
Thou who doſt o'r bleſt *Cyprus* Iſle preſide,
And *Memphis* where no *Thracian* ſnow can bide,
O Queen, with far-fetched ſtroke,
Once haughty *Chloe's* ire provoke.

ODE 27.

To Galatea going to take Ship.

Argument.

He Glatea *would retain*
From croſſing of the dangerous Main:
And for an inſtance, doth relate
Th' example of Europa's *Fate.*

Impios parræ.

Let impious men bad Omens fetch
From Chatt'ring Pye, or pregnant Bitch,
Or tawney Wolf from Forreſts ſprung,
Or Fox with young:
Let Serpents croſs their purpoſ'd way,
And turn'd aſlope their Naggs diſmay:
I skillfull to preſage, who ſhall
My heart appall?
Ere that the foul divining Rain
Fly unto ſtanding fens again;

My prayers ſhall th' croaking Crow ſupprize
At *Sol's* ariſe.
Where ere thou bee'ſt, may'ſt happy be,
And (*Galatea*) think of me:
Nor on thy Left-hand let the Pye
Or Raven fly.
But ſee'ſt how with his downward beames
Orion tremulouſly ſtreames?
I know black *Adria's* Gulph, and how
Clear *Zephyres* blow.
Let our Foes Wifes, and Children fear
Tempeſtuous Kidd's ariſe, and hear
The Seas loud billowes beating ſore
The quaking Shore.
So *Jove* in a Bull's ſhape array'd,
Europa craftily betraid:
Scar'd with Sea-monſters, and deceit
Diſcern'd too late.
Shee erſt ſweet Flow'rs in meddowes ſought,
And for the Nymphs vow'd-Chaplets wrought,
On glimmering night ſhe nothing ſpi'd,
But Starrs, and tide.
At hundred-Citty'd *Creet* arriv'd;
O Sire (quoth ſhe) *of child depriv'd,*
My pious duty is ſubdu'd
By fury rude.
Whence? and where now? when Virgins fail,
One Death's too little, Awake bewail
I reall crimes? or dreames beguil'd
Me undefil'd,
Thoſe which vain fancy doth tranſmit
Through th' Ivory Gate? or deem you it
More ſafe to croſs the Deep, or rather,
Freſh flow'rs to gather?
Had I th' baſe Bull in wrathfull fitts,
I'd rend his Carkaſe all to bitts:

And break his hornes, whom I of late
Esteem'd my Mate.
I shameless fled my Country, I
Shameless procrastinate to dye.
O hear ye Gods: nak'd let me stray,
For Lions Prey.
Ere seemeless macilency bare
My pubble cheeks, and Blood impair;
Let me, whilst I well-liking am,
Fierce Tygers cram.
Thy absent Sire, enjoyns: O why
Europa *dost refuse to dye?*
This Belt thy rope be, and this Tree
Thy Gallowes be.
But if sharp Rocks delight thy mind,
Goe take ship in a stormy wind:
Unless th'adst rather wages earn
In spinning yarn;
And Royal-born, as a Harlot taint
Some barbarous Wife's bed. At her plant
Was *Venus*, and her Sonne intent
With bow unbent.
Straight when sh'ad jeer'd enough: *Asswage*
(Quoth she) *thine ire, and fervent rage:*
Sith th' hated Bull, his hornes shall send
For thee to rend.
How t' act Jove's *wife canst thou not tell?*
Leave sighs: nor at high Fortune swell:
One great part of the world shall bee
Nam'd after thee.

ODE

ODE 28.

To Lyde.

Argument.

He prayes, that Neptun's *Feaſt be ſpent*
In jollity, and merriment.

Feſto quid potius.

How ſhall we *Neptune's* Feſtivall
Spend better? *Lyde* ſtrait wayes draw out all
Thy ſtored-up *Cæcubian* Wine,
And force grave wiſdome unto mirth t' incline.
Thou ſeeſt bright *Phœbus* Carre deſcend:
Yet as if ſwift Time did not onwards tend,
Tho ſpar'ſt to broach a But in ſtore
When *Bibulus* the Conſul-honour bore.
We will with mutuall Songs declare
Great *Neptune's* fame, and th' *Nereids* Sea-green hair
Thou ſhalt reſound on crooked Harp
Latona, and ſwift *Cynthia's* Arrows ſharp:
Wee'll celebrate with finall lay,
Her that doth *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* ſway,
And with yoak'd Swans view *Phœbus* City,
To night wee'll chaunt too a due Funerall Ditty.

ODE

ODE 29.

To Macenas.

Argument.

Mæcenas here invited is,
All Publick buſineſs to diſmiſs,
And to vouchſafe himſelf a Gueſt
Unto a plain and homely Feaſt.

Tyrrhena regum.

Macenas ſprung from *Tyrrhen* Princes line,
An untilt Veſſell of well-reliſht Wine,
And Roſe chaplets, and a cruſe
Of unguents on thy hair t' effuſe
I've long preſerv'd for thee. Quick leave delay,
Nor fenny *Tibur*, nor ſteep *Æſula*
View ſtill, nor o'th' cliffs reſide
Of *Telegon*, that Paricide.
Deſert thy loath'd Abundance, and thy high
Cloud-threatning Towr aſpiring to the Skie:
Ceaſe t' admire th' ambitious fume,
Wealth, vulgar ſhouts of glorious *Rome*.
The Rich oft times with change are beſt content,
And cleanly meales in a poor tenement,
Void of hangings, Purple-weare,
Can make the troubled front look clear.
Loe! now *Andromeda's* radiant Sire diſplayes
His hidden Orb: now *Phocion* outwrayes,
And the ragefull Lyon's Starre,
And drought returnes with *Phabus* Carre.
Now with faint Flock the tired Herdsman makes
To ſhades and Springs, and *Sylvan's* buſhy brakes:
And the ſilent banks are huſht,
With not loud-rumbling Tempeſts puſht,

Thou'rt circumſpective for *Rome's* glorious grace,
Fearſt what the *Seres*, and the *Bactrian* race
Rul'd by *Cyrus* act, and thoſe
Twixt whom dividing *Tanais* flowes.

Wiſe God, who clearly all events foreſees,
Wraps future actions in dark myſteries:
And derides that humane fear
Is not confin'd in Reaſon's Sphear.

Preſent occurrents ſee thou juſtly guide:
All other things are carri'd like a Tide,
Which ſometimes with gentle ſweep,
Glides down into the *Tyrrhen* Deep,

Sometimes worn ſtones, rent Trees, Beaſts, Houſes, all,
Its torrent rolls down with confuſed thrall,
Mountaines ecchoing, and Woods:
When ſhow'rs up-ſwell the calmer floods.

He bleſt, and his own Maſter lives, who may
Say truely, I have lived for a Day:
Father *Jove* to morrow ſhroud,
The Heav'ns with a glorious Cloud,

Or ſpread *Sol's* beams; Yet he'l not render vain
What once perform'd is: nor unframe again,
And annul an Action,
Which once through tranſient Time hath gon.

Fortune ſtill jocund in adverſer dates,
Stiff-bent to mock with her unwonted playes
Oft her favours varies: ſhee
Somtimes thee courting, ſomtimes me.
When conſtant-good: but if her wings ſhe wave,
I ſtraight reſign the Bounties that ſhe gave;
And, cloath'd in my Vertue, I
In honeſt Want will live and die.

'Tis not my uſe, when South-weſt tempeſts ſhake
My Maſt, my ſelf to Prayers to betake,
And with Vowes to cov'nant ſtraight
My *Tyre* and *Cyprus* wealthy fraight.
May not inrich the Sea's inſatiate throat.
Then, me ſafe-guarded in a two-car'd Boat,
Gentle blaſts, and Twin-ſtars they
Shall through th' *Ægean* waves convey.

ODE 30.

To Muſe Melpomene.

Argument.

His Lyrics *conſecrate his* **Name**
To immortality of Fame.

Exegi Monumentum.

I've rais'd a laſting Monument t' out-vye
Firm Brass, and than Kings Pyramids more high:
Which neither wall-corroding Rain, nor Force
Of *Boreas* tempeſts, nor an endleſs courſe
Of years, nor times ſwift motion can impair.
I ſhall not all dye: my more precious ſhare
Shall ſcape interment, ſtill ſhall I ſurvive
In freſh Renown, while, Sacred *Augurs* ſtrive
With *Veſtals* mute t' aſcend *Rome's* Capitoll.
Where *Aufidus* lowd-roaring torrents fall,

And

And there where ſhallow *Daunus* doth preſide
O'r ruſtie Swaines, my fame ſhall be up-cri'd
For th' ableſt, and the firſt that could reſtrain
Æolian meaſures to th' *Italian* vein.
Melpomene, aſſume deſerv'd Renown,
And with a *Delphic* Laurell deck my crown.

The end of the third Book.

HORACE

HORACE

HIS FOURTH BOOK OF ODES.

ODE 1.

To Venus.

Argument.

Arriv'd to fifty now, he ſhould
His pen from am'rous themes with-hold:
Yet night and day, doth Liguine
His heart to fervent love incline.

Intermiſſa Venus.

THou *Venus* doſt commence again
Thy long ſuſpended warres. O pray refrain:
I am not as I wont to be,
While gracious *Cynera* ru led over me.
Dire Mother of ſweet loves forbear
Me, now cbdur'd and at my fifti'th year,
T' incline to thy ſoft precepts. Go, (to.
Where fair-tongu'd youngmens flatt'ryes court thee
In *Paulus Maximus* his houſe,

Thou

Thou drawn with Swan's more fitly ſhalt carrouze,
And wanton it: if thou deſire
T'inflame thy flagrant Liver with Lov's fire
He, noble, and of comely Grace,
And a good Pleader in his Clients caſe,
And for an hundred Arts renown'd, (Round.
Shall ſpread thine Enſignes through the ample
And when he laughs, more prevalent
Than thoſe large gifts his Rivall did preſent,
He under Cypreſs-roof ſhall make
Thee all of Marble nigh the *Albane* lake.
There copious ſtore of Frankincenſe
Shalt thou ſnuff up, to recreate thy ſenſe,
And Lyre, with *Phrygian* Pipe, and Flute,
All ſhall thine ears promiſcuouſly ſalute.
There Youths and tender Virgins, they
Thy ſacred power advancing twice a day,
Shall with their candid feet rebound,
Like Prieſts of *Bacchus* three times from the ground.
No woman, nor young youth love I,
Nor am I prone to vain Credulity,
Nor in carrouzing to conteſt,
Nor with freſh flow'rs my temples to inveſt.
But why, ah *Lygurinus*, why
Glide liquid teares thus ſlowly from my eye?
Why in the midſt of language tripps
My eloquent tongue with unſeemly ſlipps?
I, when ſurpriz'd with gentle ſleep,
Do thee (methinks) in my embracements keep:
Now o'r Woods, and *Mars* his Plain,
O hard of heart! thee proſecute amain.

ODE

ODE 2.

To Antonius Iulus, the Son of Marcus Antonius the Triumvir.

Argument.

Cur Venuſine *the praiſe purſues*
Of Pindar's *lofty towring Muſe:*
Then ſhews that dangers thoſe await
Who antient Poets imitate.

Pindarium quiſquis.

Who *Pindar's* ſtyle contends t' aſſume,
Like *Icarus* mounts with waxen plume:
Whoſe fall did to the glaſſy Brine
A name aſſigne.

As rapid ſtreams from hills guſh down,
Their bounders all with rain oreflown,
So raves he, and with ample tides
Profoundly glides.

Well worthy of *Apollo's* Bayes,
For thundring *Dithyrambic* Layes
In uncouth tones, and for his vein
In looſer ſtrain:

Whether he Gods, or Kings relate,
Or Demi-gods, who by juſt fate
Subdu'd the *Centaures*, and o'r came
Chimæra's flame.

Or whether he thoſe *Heroes* praiſe,
Who home reduc'd the *Elean* Bayes:
Footman, or Horſe: no hundred ſignes,
Are like his lines.

Or

Or though the Bride deplore her Mate
Rapt from her, and to heav'n elate
His courage, virtuous life, and might
In Hells despight.

The *Theban* Swan is hoist aloft
With strong Gales (*Antony*) as oft,
As to the Clouds he towre's on high,
Whil'st Bee-like I
Sweet Thyme seek with laborious toyl,
Through Woods and *Tibur's* humid soil,
And verses paintfully compile
In humble style.

My Muse shall chaunt in loftier sound
Great *Cæsar* with Bay-chaplets crown'd,
When he through *Rome* shall trail about
The Germans stout.

The fates, and bountious Gods ne'r cou'd
His equall make for great and good:
Nor shall though we again behold
An Age of Gold.

Of Festivalls sing, and *Rome's* great,
And Solemn Playes, for the retreat
Of *Cæsar*, and Courts destitute
Of strife, and sute:

My chiefest Songs then add will I,
If worth your ears, and chaunt on high,
Cæsar returnd, ô *Sol* thou clear,
And famous Sphear!

While thou dost *Iô Cæsar* sing,
We all will frequent *Iô's* ring:
And to th' appeased Gods dispense
Our Frankincense.
Ten Bulls, ten Kine shall set thee free,

A wean'd young Calf ſhall ſerve for mee,
Which in fat Meads a n Heifer grows,
To ſerve my vowes.

His front a crookt horn beautifies
Like *Phœbe* at her third Ariſe:
Where ſpeckt, Snow-white; all parts elſe ſhew
A tawney hew.

ODE 3.

To Melpomene.

Argument.

Horace *from his Nativity*
Was deſtin'd unto Poetry,
Whence hee's inveſted with a crown
Of immarceſcible renown.

Quem tu Melpomene.

Melpomene) him whoſe firſt Riſe
Thou ſhalt contemplate with thy gracious eyes,
No *Iſthmian* labours ſhall advance
For Handy-fights, nor Steeds with nimble prance
Shall in a Græcian Chariot hale
Triumphant-wiſe, nor Martiall Acts impale
Him Chieftain-like with *Delian* Bay
Ith' *Capitoll's* view, 'cauſe he durſt aſſay
Kings haughty threatnings to controll:
But thoſe ſtreams that through fertile *Tibur* roll,
And Groves rank-clad with leafe's array,
Shall make him famous in *Æolian* Lay.
Rome the head-City me inſcribes
Amongſt the amorous, and Poetick Tribes:
Whereby

Whereby exempt from biting hate,
I'm out of Envy's reach now situate:
O Sacred Muse! who dost inspire
Delightfull tones into the Golden Lyre!
O thou who can'st to fishes mute
Swan's melody (if't please thee) attribute!
'Tis thy sole gift, the passers by
Point with their fingers thus at me, and cry:
Yond goes Romes *Lyric Harper, see:*
To breath, and please, (if please) is all from thee.

ODE 4.

To the City of Rome.

Argument.

He chaunts of Drusus *ingeny,*
And his innate propensity:
And how his youthfull years were spent
Under Augustus *Regiment.*

Qualem ministrum.

As *Jove's* Bird darting through the aiery Main
Like lightning, whom he o'r the feath'red train
Regent made, for trusty care
Of his youth *Ganimede* so fair:
Whom youth, and innate Vigour drave in quest
Of unknown labours, from his weary nest:
And sweet *Zephyres* mov'd to try
Unwonted flights in serene Sky,
Though prone to fear: who ran with rav'nous stray
Amongst the Sheep-folds, forraging for Prey:
And in thirst of food, and fight,
Durst tempt resisting Dragons might:

Or

Or as a late-wean'd Lyon from remote
Appeares unto the buſie-grazing Goat
In rich Meads, which ſtraight ſhall be
A prey to teeth from rapine free:
Juſt ſo ſhow'd *Druſus* to the *Rhætian* foe,
And *Vandalls* at their *Alpine* overthrow:
From whence theſe their Cuſtome had,
To toſs an *Amazonian* blade
With valid Armes, I will no more enquire;
Nor to all knowledge ought we to aſpire:
But thoſe long-victorious Traines,
Now vanquiſht by a young man's braines,
Felt what a mind right-form'd could perpetrate,
And Genius train'd up in Courts fortunate,
And what *Cæſar's* tender love
Could with thoſe youthfull *Neroes* move.
From valiant Fathers ſpring ſtout Sonnes, in Steeres,
And Steeds, their Sire's true nature ſtill appeares:
Nor doth the fierce Eagle prove
E'r author of a timorous Dove.
Apt culture tho' our ingeny manures,
And vertuous præcepts our weak breſts ſecures,
Vice, where manners fail, diſgraces
Men, though extract from noble races.
How thou O *Rome* ar't to the *Neroes* bound,
Let *Asdruballs* fall, and *Metaurus* ſound,
And that happy day, when night
From *Italy* was put to flight:
Which firſt on *Lartium* ſhone with plenteous ſtore,
When dreadfull *Hanniball* poſted it all ore,
As a flame through faggots raves,
Or *Eurus* though *Sicilian* waves.
Since when the *Romans* flouriſhed amaine
With proſperous attempts: each ſacred Fane
Ranſakt in the *Punic* warr
Have Gods that more propitious are:

Then faithleſs *Hannibal* thus began to ſay:
" *We Hearts doom'd for rapacious Wolves to ſlay;*
" *Thoſe purſue, whom to beguile,*
" *And ſcape, deſerves a Triumph's ſtile.*
" *A race, ſince* Troy's *flame, for puiſſant known,*
" *And on th'* Hetrurian *ſtormy billows thrown,*
" *Gods, Sires, and whole Progeny*
" *Tranſported all to* Italy:
" *Like a prun'd Holm on* Algids *lofty head,*
" *All with umbragious branches over-ſpread,*
" *More you amputate its boughs*
" *With ſteeled Ax, the more it grows.*
" *Not mangled* Hydra *that did fight ſuſtain*
" *'Gainſt conqu'ring* Herc'les, *firmlier ſprang again:*
" *Never* Thebes, *nor* Colchos *could*
" *A more portentuous thing unfold.*
" *Quite drown him, ſtill more Glorious he'l ariſe:*
" *Or grapple with him he'l obtain the Prize*
" *From unfoyled foe, and bold,*
" *All feats by Matrons to be told.*
" *I'l now no more proud Poſts to* Carthage *ſpread:*
" *Dead, dead are all my hopes of Conqueſt's meed,*
" *All my fortune ruin'd lies,*
" *Now death doth* Aſdrubal *ſurprize.*
Great *Claudius* proweſs nothing can withſtand,
Whom *Iove* ſafe-guardeth with a gracious hand,
And whoſe quick-ey'd Care can free
From ſharpeſt Warrs extremity.

ODE

ODE 5.

To Auguſtus.

Argument.

Our Lyric dolefully complaines,
Becauſe Auguſtus *long remaines*
From home: requeſting he may come
At length in ſafety unto Rome.

Divis orte.

Cæſar, who from propitious Gods ar't come,
Our bleſſed Guardian, thou'rt too long from *Rome*:
As was thy promiſe to that ſacred Train,
The *Senate*, quick return again.
Shine bright (*Great Generall*) on thine hemiſphear,
For when thy glorious Count'nance doth appear,
Spring-like, the Dayes more auſpicately run,
And more reſplendent is the Sun.
For as a Mother (when her loved child
Is by ſome envious Southern ſtorm exil'd
From home, beyond the rough *Carpathian* Main,
Where he a tedious year hath ſtain)
With Vows, Pray'rs, Omens, Supplicates, & cryes,
Nor from the crookt ſhore once diverts her eyes:
So thy dear ſoyl, with true deſires repleat,
Doth (*Cæſar*) thy Return intreat.
Now roves the Ox ſecurely o'r the Fields,
And bounteous *Ceres* bleſt abundance yields;
The Saylour flyes ſafe on th' appeaſed Main;
Fidelity abhors all ſtain;
No Whordome our chaſt habitations fowles;
Good life, and Law all ſpotfull vice controules;

We Mothers praiſe, 'cauſe they ſonnes like produce:
Due puniſhment each ſin purſues. (Who,
Who dreads the *Parthians*? Who, ſtarv'd *Scythians*?
Thoſe fell productions *Germane* Deſarts ſhow,
When *Caſar's* ſafe? Whoſe heart doth terrour fright,
Though fierce *Iberians* march to fight?
In his own limits each man ends the day,
And wreathes Vine-branches with the widdow'd ſpray;
Then falls a bowzing, and at's ſecond Feaſt,
Adores thee for ſome God at leaſt.
To thee he prayes, and powres out fluent bolls
In Sacrifice, and 'mongſt his *Lars* enrolls
Thine immenſe power, as *Greece* did long agoe
To Caſtor, and *Alcides* doe.
Grant (Gracious *Caſar*) long tranquillity
To thy *Heſperia*: thus we early cry,
I'th' ſober morn, and thus, when ſok'd with wine;
And thus, when *Phœbus* ſteeds decline.

ODE 6.

To Apollo, and Diana.

Argument.

He doth in Sæcularian *verſe*
Phœbus, *and* Dian's *praiſe rehearſe.*

Dive quem.

God, whoſe revenge for boaſts, the Crew
From *Niobe* ſprung, and *Tytius* knew,
And great *Achilles*, who did *Troy*
Almoſt deſtroy.
The greateſt Souldier's not like thee,
Though Sea-bread *Thetis* ſonne he bee,
Who did with dreadfull javelin make
Troy's turrets ſhake.

No

No Pine with keen-edg'd Axe hewn down,
Nor Cypreſs with Eaſt-blaſts o'r-thrown,
So amply fell, his Carkas found
On *Trojan* ground.
He ne'r (as ſculkt in Horſe compil'd
For *Pallas* Sacrifice) beguil'd
Ill-idling *Troy*, and *Priam's* Court,
With dancing ſport:
But publikly in flames had flung
(O dire!) each *Grecian* infant young,
Yea formleſs Embryos not yet come
From Mothers womb:
Had not thy own, and *Venus* prayer
Prevail'd with Father *Jove* to rear
Walls for *Æneas* toyles, of ſtate,
And better Fate.
O *Phœbus* ſhrill *Thalias* theme,
Who lav'dſt thy locks in *Xanthus* ſtreame,
Protect the honour'd *Dunian* Muſe,
Smooth *Agyeus*.
'Twas *Phœbus* gave thee Wit, and Art,
And name of Poet did impart,
Ye nobleſt Maids, and youths of high-
born anceſtry.
Ye guarded in *Diana's* bounds,
Whoſe bow ſwift Staggs, and Lynces wounds,
My *Leſbian* meaſures Patron ſtand,
And guide my hand:
Chaunting (as of old) *Diana's* Sonne,
And the ſtill light-augmenting Moon,
Fructiferous, making Moneths to hie
On ſpeedily.
Now wedd, thou'lt ſay: I who each verſe
Of *Horace* knew, did layes rehearſe
To'th' Gods, when ev'ry age in uſe
Did Feaſts reduce.

ODE 7.

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

Argument.

The changes, and Viciſſitude
Of every ſeaſon here is ſhewd:
All things to change obnoxious be,
Then let's from anxious cares live free.

Diffugere Nive.

Now Snows diſolve, the field freſh graſs receives,
And Trees are pranckt with leaves.
Earth changeth Seaſons, and each ebbing Tide
Doth in its chanel glide.
The naked Nimphs, with thoſe three Siſter-Graces
Now lead their frolick paces.
All things muſt end, ſo years, and howrs ſet out,
Which wheel the Dayes about.
Froſts melt with *Zephires*: Spring ſpent, next in place
Comes Summer, which decayes
When fruitfull Autumn's crops are reap'd, and then
Dull Winter comes agen.
Luna repaires her waining horns: but we
When to thoſe Cells we flee,
Where good *Æneas*, *Tullus*, *Ancus* laid,
Are turn'd to Duſt and ſhade.
Who knows whe'ther Gods will to our preſent ſtay
Adjoyn another day?
The greedy Heir of all ſhall nothing have,
Which thou moſt freely gave,
When thou r't once arriv'd unto thy Tomb,
And haſt receiv'd thy doom,
Not Stock (Torquatus) *Rhet'ric, nor good life*
Shall gain thy deaths Reprief.

Not

Not *Dian* chaſt *Hippolitus* could quit
From *Pluto's* glorious pit:
Nor *Theſeus* could his dear *Perithous* free
From Hell's captivity.

ODE 8.

To Martius Cenſorinus.

Argument.

No Records, like a Poet's pen,
Can eternize the fames of men.

Donarem pateras.

I (*Cenſorius*) would with ſacring plates,
And brazen Statues gratifie my Mates,
With *Treſtes*, prizes of the valiant *Greek*:
Nor for thee would I meaneſt preſents ſeek,
Were I but with thoſe faculties poſſeſt,
Which *Scopas*, or *Parrhaſius* expreſt:
Th' one carv'd in Stone, in colours th' other drew,
And ſometimes, Man, ſometimes a God would ſhew.
But no ſuch skill have I: nor are ſuch kind
Of Pleaſures wanting to my means or mind.
Thou Verſes lik'ſt, we Verſe can give, and ſhow
Unto ſuch Gifts what eſtimate we ow:
No Marble-walls with Public Sculpture ſet,
Keeping brave Chieftanes in freſh mem'ry yet,
Though in their Urns; no ſpeedy flight, nor threat
Of *Hannibal* enforc'd to make retreat:
No fires of faithleſs *Carthage* more proclame
His large *Encomiums* who deriv'd his name

From *Afric's* fall, than *Ennius* his verſe:
Nor ſhould no Pen thy brave Exploits rehearſe,
Hadſt thou due hire. What would become (I pray)
Of him who ſprang from *Mars*, and *Ilia*,
Should envious Silence *Romulus* oppoſe,
And in Oblivion all his Acts incloſe?
The force, and grace of *Poets* powerfull ſtyles
Sends *Eacus* unto thoſe blis-full Iſles,
Caught up from *Styx*. *A man deſerving praiſe,*
Muſes decree ſhall never end his daies.
Muſes advance to Heaven: So at *Jove's* feaſt
Was painfull *Herc'les* preſent as a Gueſt:
Thoſe radiant Brother-orbs in ſafety keep
Our billow-tatter'd veſſells in the Deep;
And *Bacchus* deckt with Vines for ornament,
Crownes our Vowes with a fortunate event.

ODE 9.

To Lollius.

Argument.

His Lyric Poems never ſhall
Expire, nor to Oblivion fall.
Vertue without a Poets quill,
How ſoon it is forgotten ſtill!
Hee'll dedicate his Lollius *name*
To immortality of Fame.

Ne forte credas.

Think not thoſe Dittyes ere ſhall periſh quite,
Which I, born near loud *Aufidus*, indite,

And

And are with no vulgar skill
Adopted to the *Lyric* Quill.
Grant to *Mæonian Homer* chiefeſt Bayes,
Yet *Pindar's*, *Ceus*, tart *Alcæus* Layes,
And *Steſichorus* grave Muſe,
Lurk not obſcure in dark Recluſe.
Nor hath time raz'd thoſe amatorious ſtraines
Anacreon warbled, ſtill that Love remaines,
Nor thoſe ardours yet expire,
Compos'd to *Sapphos Lesbian* Wire.
Paris pranckt treſſes not alone enfired
Laconian Hellen, nor ſhe firſt admired
Robes imboſt with golden Plates,
His Princely Habit, or his mates;
Nor firſt ſhot *Teucer* in *Cydonian* bow:
Nor ſuffered *Troy* only one overthrow:
Vaſt *Idomeneus* alone,
Nor *Sthenelus* hath undergone
Warrs worth a Muſe: not cruell *Hector* firſt,
Nor fierce *Deiphobus* ſuſtain'd th' accurſt
Wounds due to their modeſt Wifes
And Children dearer than their lifes.
'Fore *Agamemnon* many valiant liv'd:
But all un-wail'd are of their lives depriv'd,
Pent in nights obſcurer Den,
Wanting ſome Poets ſacred Pen.
Vnpubliſh'd Vertue, and interred ſloth,
Are not much variant. Lollius, I'am loth
Thou ſhouldſt want an Eulogy
Amongſt my writings, nor will I
Let thoſe thy many labours be aſſign'd
To pale Oblivion. Th'aſt a Prudent mind,
And can'ſt ſteer directeſt waies
In proſperous, and in adverſe dayes:
Avengeſt Avarice, whoſe affections cling
Not unto Gold attracting every thing.

And not for one onely year
Standſt Conſul, but art ſtill a clear
And upright Judge, preferring right to gain,
And do'ſt baſe bribes with haughty looks diſdain:
Whoſe victorious mind not ſtoups
To gifts, but breaks through rankeſt troops.
Term not thoſe truly happy, who are poſſeſt
With all abundance: rather thoſe are bleſt
Who to uſe with Wiſdom know
Thoſe bounties that the Gods beſtow;
And can with patience preſſing want ſuſtain,
And more than death all horrid crimes refrain,
Who for a dear-loved friend,
And Country dare their blood to ſpend.

ODE 10.

To Ligurinus a beauteous Youth.

Argument.

Though now fair Ligurinus vaunt
Of Beauty, and be arrogant
Unto his Lovers: hee'l repent,
When his pure Roſy-hew is ſpent.

O crudelis adhuc.

O Youth yet cruel, grac'd with Beautie's Crown,
When thy ſleek chin's o'rſpread with hairy down,
And locks are ſhed, now in diſhev'led wiſe,
And hue fades, which the Purple-Roſe outvyes,
When thou'rt all horrid grown, alaſs! thou'lt ſay
(When as thy mirrour doth that change diſplay)

Why

Why thought I not of this, while earſt a boy?
Or why doth hair my once-ſmooth cheeks annoy?

ODE 11.

To Phillis.

Argument.

He Phillis *company invites,*
Unto ſome juncketting delights
On April's *Ides, what day his ſweet*
Mæcenas *firſt the World did greet.*

Eſt mihi novum.

I (*Phillis*) have a But in ſtore
Of *Albane*, nine years old, and more;
And Parſley in my Garden grows,
To crown thy brows;
I've Ivy ſtore to deck thy head,
A rich houſe, and an Altar ſpread
With Vervain, coveting a ſtain
From Lambkin ſlain.
All perſons haſten; here, and there,
Youths, Mayds run buſtling every where,
And tremulous flames the chimneys choak
With rolling ſmoak.
To know yet to what Feaſt I call
Thee; celebrate as Feſtival
Thoſe Ides which (Sea-born *Venus* tide)
April divide.
Deſerv'dly ſolemniz'd by me,
Yea 'fore my own nativity:

'Cauſe

'Cauſe my *Mæcenas* from this Sun
His yeares begun.
A wealthy wanton Maid reſpected
Young *Telephus*, whom thou affected,
Though not thy match, and him retaines
In gratefull chaines.
Scorch'd *Phaeton* greedy hopes eſchews:
Wing'd *Pegaſus* dire example ſhewes,
Who ſcorn'd by baſe *Bellerophon*
To be rode on.
Alwaies beſeeming acts purſue,
And thine unequall ſtill eſchew,
With lawleſs hopes. Thou, on whom laſt
My love I caſt,
(For none henceforth my heart ſhall heat,)
Learn Ditties, which thou mayſt repeat
With lovely voyce. For verſes may
Sad Cares allay.

ODE 12.

To Virgili.

Argument.

He pleaſant Springs approach diſplayes,
And Virgil *to a banquet prayes:*
Yet thus with him conditioning,
A quantity of Nard *to bring.*

Iam veris comites.

Now Spring's attendants, gentle *Thracian* gales,
Which calm the Seas, puff on the wind-ſtuft ſailes:
The

The meddowes are not froſt-bound, nor roar now
The flouds high-ſwoll'n with winter Snow.
Th' unlucky bird her neſt builds, dolefully
Her *Itys* moanes, and th' endleſs infamy
Of *Cecrops* houſe, and 'cauſe with direfull fate
She kings lewd luſts did vindicate.
The Shepheards tumbling on the verdant ground
Upon their pipes melodious Layes reſound:
Pleaſing their Heard-God *Pan*, whom with content
Arcadia's ſhady hills preſent.
Theſe ſeaſons (*Virgil*) thirſtfulneſs inſpire:
But if *Caleian* Liquors thou deſire,
O thou, thoſe *Cæſars* favorite, doe but ſhine
With Nard, and thou'ſt have ſtore of Wine.
A ſmall Nard-unguent box will gain a Butt,
Now cloſly in *Sulpitius* cellar ſhut:
Of power immenſe new hopes to ſuſcitate,
And bitter Cares to profligate
Vnto which junckets if thou beeſt inclind,
Quick bring thy preſent: For 'tis not my mind
Thou empty-handed ſhouldſt my Wines infuſe,
As rich men in great Houſes uſe.
But leave delayes, and thirſt not after gain,
And Hell's black fires within thy mind retain:
'Mongſt grave affaires ſhort folly's not amiſs,
Sometimes to jeſt delicious is.

ODE 13.

Againſt Lyce, an old Whore.

Argument.

He Lyce *taunts with nipping jeares,*
Who hot in luſt, yet fraught with yeares,
Of all now's in deriſion grown,
And ſcoft by youngmen up and down.

Andivere

Audivere, Lyce.

Lyce, the Gods vouchſafe my prayers to hear,
Yea hear my prayers. Thou'rt ag'd, yet would appear
Moſt fair, and lov'ſt to ſport,
And carrouze in wanton ſort:
And drunken, ſtriv'ſt with ſhivering voice t' excite
Dull *Cupid*; Him freſh *Chia*'s cheeks delight,
She beauteons ſtill, and pritty,
And expet to chaunt a Ditty.
'Mongſt withered Okes he haſtily doth flee,
And ſhuns thee 'cauſe thy teeth black-furred be,
And 'cauſe thou'rt wrinckle-plow'd,
And hoar locks thy pate inſhrow'd.
Nor Choan *Purples, nor the lucid'ſt Stones*
Can make thoſe rapid times retreat, which onee,
With every act of note,
Are ith' Public Records wrote.
Where flyes thy beauty? comely hew? ah! where
Thy activity? or what remains of her,
Her all of *Cupids* made,
Who me from my ſelf convey'd,
Fair next to *Cyn'ras*, and for graceful feature
Cry'd up? But *Cynaras* was a ſhort-liv'd creature,
So did the Fates enact:
But they'll *Lyce*'s life protract
To th' aged Crow's date: that young Lovers may,
Not without ſcoffs, and laughter thee ſurvay,
A torch once excellent,
Now unto light aſhes ſpent.

ODE

ODE 14.

To Augustus.

Argument.

Rome's *Senate, and Plebeian tribe,*
Unto Augustus *can ascribe*
No Dignities, nor Honors meeds,
Equall to his transcendent deeds.

Quæ cura patrum.

What care of Senators, or what *Romane* name
Can with due mon'ments eternize thy fame,
With thy Titles all up-fyl'd,
And in the Registers compil'd?
O mighti'st Prince in all the Regions run
O'r by th' all-rounding, and illustrious Sun,
Who taught *Vandals*, lately rude
In *Latian* Laws, to be subdu'd.
Stout *Drusus* with thy Army routed quite
Genaunians fierce, and *Brennians* put to flight,
And more times than once eraz'd
Strong-barricado'd Turrets plac'd
Aloft on th' *Alpine* dreadful mountains. Then
Nero th' elder rais'd sore Wars agen,
And with prosperous Auspicy
Made the inhumane *Rhetians* fly:
Notorious known in Martial contests,
With what great slaughter he assail'd the breasts
Of such as aspir'd brave ends.
Just as impetuous *Auster* rends
Fierce billows, *Pleiads* tearing all the clouds,
So swiftly charg'd he through withstanding crouds,

And

And did with his chafing Horſe
His paſſage through hott'ſt ſervice force.
As *Aufidus* lowd-roaring current rolls,
Where the *Appulian* (*Daunus*) all controlls,
Whilſt within it's boundleſs tide
It threats the tilled fields to hide:
So *Claudius* with a force-full multitude
His Steel-clad barbarous enemies ſubdu'd:
Yea made tag and rag to fall,
His own Troops nothing broke at all,
With thy aids, Counſells, and thy Deityes.
For on the ſame day, when in humble wiſe
Alexandria open laid
Her Gates, and empty Court diſplaid,
Fate, proſperous for three Luſters, did diſpoſe
Vnto thy Warrs then a ſucceſsfull cloſe:
And (thy Reign expir'd) thee crown
With ample praiſe, and wiſh't renoun.
At thee, *Cantabrians* never quell'd before,
Meades, *Indians*, *Sythians* wandering all o'r,
Admire, O thou *Latium's*
Protector, and imperiall *Rome's*!
To thee *Nile* liſtneth with his latent Saurce;
Vaſt *Iſter*, *Tygris* of ſuch rapid force,
And thoſe Seas with monſters fraught,
Whoſe roarings to farr *Britaines* raught.
Th' heroick *Gauls*, who gaſtly Death deſpiſe,
And hardy *Spaniards*, all dread thee likewiſe;
Germans that blood-thirſty be,
Lay down their armes and worſhip thee.

ODE

ODE 15.

Argument.

Our Lyric's *Muſe in this Ode blazes*
Out Great Auguſtus Cæſar's *praiſes.*

Phœbus volentem.

Apollo checkt my Lyric Muſe, 'cauſe ſhee
Of Warrs, and Conqueſts needs would chaunting be:
As who did in little boat
On the main *Tyrrhene* Ocean float.
Cæſar, thy Reign brought fruits in copious ſtore,
And late-loſt Enſignes did to *Jove* reſtore,
From proud *Parthian* pillars ta'ne,
And ſhut up peace-full *Janus* Fane:
Hath in right order confuſ'd things diſpoſ'd,
And unconfined Liberty incloſ'd:
Quaſh't ſin with ſtrict Penance ſet:
Renewing Arts grown obſolete,
Whereby *Rome's* honor and th' *Italian* name
Immenſly flouriſh't, and the *Empire's* fame
Was from Orient *Phœbus* ſpred,
To where he makes his reſtfull bed.
While *Gæſar* guards us, neither Civil frayes,
Nor force ſhall interrupt our peacefull dayes:
Nor Wrath that ſwords ſharpned weares,
And ſets poor Citizens by the eares;
Nor ſuch as in deep *Iſter* quench their thirſt,
Nor *Getes*, nor *Seres*, nor the *Perſians* curſt,
Nor thoſe neer to *Tanais* born,
Shall *Julian* Edicts break, and ſcorn.
On Holy Eves, and on each Feſtivall,
We, quaffing wanton *Bacchus* juyce, with all

Our Wifes, and barnes, (praying to
The Gods firſt, as we uſe to doe,)
Will, as our Sires wont, of brave Chieftains ſing,
On *Lydian* Pipes our Ditty varying,
Of *Anchiſes*, and *Troy*'s fate,
And him from *Venus* procreate.

The End of the Odes.

HORACE
HIS BOOK
OF
EPODES,
ENGLISHED.

LONDON,
Printed in the yere 1652.

HORACE
HIS BOOK OF
EPODES.

EPODE 1.

To Mæcenas.

Argument.

Horace *will with* Mæcenas *goe*
To Actium's *Warr againſt his Foe:*
Where Cæſar *from* Mark Anthony
Acquir'd a Glorious Victory.

Ibis Liburnis.

MÆcenas, thou 'mongſt ſtately Men of Warre,
Stear ſmall *Liburnian* veſſels dare:
All *Cæſars* dangers ready-bent to bear,
As if (dear friend) thine own they were.
VVhat ſhall become of us? Thy life's our bliſs,
Thy Death our ſad diſaſter is.

Shall we (although enjoyned to't) live quiet?
No leasure's sweet, thou out of sight.
Shall we those painfull toyles of War endure,
Like those whom hardship doth enure?
We will: and ev'n o'r all the *Alpy* Steeps,
And *Caucasus* where no man keeps,
And through the utmost Confines of the West,
Wee'l follow thee with hardy brest.
Thou'lt ask perchance, how I assist you can,
An armless, and weak-body'd Man?
If present, 'twill my timorous thoughts abate,
If absent, 'twill them aggravate.
Ev'n as the Bird that sits, her plumeless young
Fear's more, lest Serpents prey among
Her brood, when left alone; though had she staid,
With no Relief she could them aid.
I gladly to what ever Warrs will go,
In hopes thou wilt thy favour show:
Not that my numerous teems may yoked stand
With many Plows to till the Land;
Nor that my Heards should, e'r the Dog-star range,
Calabrian meads for *Lucan* change;
Nor that high *Tusculum* my village white,
Near *Circe's* walls may have its site.
Thy gracious bounty hath made me abound,
Which I'l not bury in the ground,
As avaricious *Chremes*, nor intend
In looser Luxury to spend.

EPODE

EPODE 2.

Argument.

He reckons up what ſweet Contents
A pleaſant Country-life preſents.

Beatus ille.

Hee's happy, who remote from World-annoyes
(As antient Mortalls wont) imployes
His Sire-bequeathed Lands with teems of's own,
To griping Uſurers unknown.
He neither Trumpets rufull Clangor hears,
Nor Wrack of raging Ocean fears:
And wrangling Law-Courts ſhuns, and ſtately Gates
Of Lording City-potentates.
But either doth in amorous folds combine
Tall Poplars with the well-grown Vine,
And amputates off each luxuriant bough,
Engrafting thoſe more kindly grow:
Or doth in ſome *Meandrian* Dale ſurvay,
His ſtragling flocks at random ſtray;
Or ſtores up ſtrained Hony in ferkins clear,
Or ſheares his Lambkins every year.
When fruit-Crown'd *Autumn* mellow Apples yields,
His head advancing in the fields,
O how hee's taken with his grafted Pear,
Or Grapes that ſtrive with Purple clear!
To ſacrifiſe unto *Priapus* hands,
Or Father *Sylvan* God of Lands.
Now under aged Oak he proſtrate layes,
Now in long Graſs his limbs diſplayes;
While murm'ring ſtreams glide by their lofty brims,
And Birds chaunt their melodious Hymnes;

And little Brookes a gentle clamour keep,
To close his eyes with easy Sleep.
But when the Thunderer once transmits below,
Dire Winter stormes, and flags of Snow,
He then with hounds pursues the foaming Bore,
To drive him to the toyles before:
Or to small wands affixeth thin-spun Nets,
Which gormandizing Thrushes gets:
Layes sprents for timorous Hares, and stranger Cranes,
The pleasant Prizes of his paines.
Who 'mongst these pleasures, would reflect at all
On Love-cares, which their hearts enthrall?
But if a modest Consort, pleas'd to share
Of Houshold's, and dear Children's care:
(As *Sabine* wives, or, he so swift to run,
Th' *Appulian's*, parched with the Sun)
Pyle up old Loggs of fewell on the fire,
'Gainst weary'd Husband's home retyre,
And sportive Kine in woven grates restrain,
Their milk-distended teates to drain:
And filling new win. in sweet season'd Cup
Unpurchas'd daintyes serveth up:
I will no more for *Lucrine* Oysters wish,
Rare Turbot, nor the Guilt-head Fish:
If Winter, when fierce Eastern billowes rise,
Bring to our seas such varityes,
I'l long no more to tast the *Afric* Hen,
Nor the *Ionic* Attagen:
Unto my palate more delicious be,
Ripe Olives cropt from Laden Tree:
Or the herb Sorrel best in meddowes taking,
Or Mallowes healthfull bodyes making:
A Lamb unto the God of Bounders slain,
Or Kid from Wolve's fierce ravin ta'ne.
Amidst these junckets, O how he delights
To see's fed flocks trot home at nights!

Viewing

Viewing his tyred draughts, with necks ſhrunck low,
Trayling along the up-turn'd Plow:
And Swaines, in houſes of the Rich abounding,
Reſplendent fires all throng ſurrounding.
When Usr'er *Alphius* did the matters ſcan,
He ſtraight would turn a Country-man:
Upon the *Ides* he gathered in his Debts,
But out again on Calends lets.

EPODE 3.

To Macenas.

Argument:

He rails 'gainſt Garlick's flagrant heat,
Which he did with Mæcenas *eat.*

What impious man to villany devote,
Aſſaults his aged Father's throat,
Let poyſ'nous Garlick be his conſtant Chear.
O what ſtrong ſtomacks Reapers bear!
Why raves this *Toxie* ſo within my Gut?
Hath Vipers boyled gore been put,
And ſtrein'd 'mongſt herbes my palate to delude?
Or ſome damn'd doſe *Canidia* brew'd?
When *Iaſon's* love *Medea's* heart had caught,
He chief, and faireſt *Argonant:*
Who Bulls combined never yoak'd before,
With Garlick ſhe beſmear'd him ore.
With this that harlot *Glauca* ſhe beſpred,
And on the wings of Dragons fled.
An Influence ſo ragefull never rent
Apulia's droughty Continent,
Nor gore-ſteept garment ere more fervent fri'd
On powerfull *Hercules* his ſide.

But-

But if thou 'gain provide me such a Dish,
Mæcenas merry friend, I wish
Thy sweet-heart nicely may thy kisses fly,
And on the utmost Bed-stock lye.

EPODE 4.

To Volteius Mena, Pompey the Great's freed man.

Argument.

His in-bred enmity, and hate
Against Volteius Mena, *late*
A base-born slave; but now a Great,
And powerfull Knight i'th' primest seat.

Lupis & Agnis.

As Wolves, and Lambs by nature disagree,
Such discord is 'twixt thee and mee,
O thou whose sides *Iberian* scourges scar,
And leggs with fetters chafed are.
Although thou proudly strutt'st with wealth elate,
Meanes cannot Mens degrees translate.
Seest thou not, how (thou marching stately down
The Sacred street in Six-ell'd Gown,)
Each passenger at thee his count'nance turns,
And with free indignation burns?
He lately with *Triumvirs* lashes galld,
Ev'n till the Beadle's arm was stalld;
Now spacious *Akers* in *Campania* tills,
And th' *Appian* road with Hackneys fills;
And as a Knight of mighty note, is plac'd
I'th' prime seats, *Otho's* Law disgrac'd.

But

But to what end, or purpoſe is't to hale
So many a ſnowted pondrous ſail
'Gainſt wicked Pyrats, and the ſervile Bands,
Whil'ſt He the Souldiers Tribune ſtands?

EPODE 5.

Againſt Canidia, A Witch.

Argument.

Canidia, *and her damned Crew,*
Stealing a Noble youth, immew
Him up to th' Chin in Cavern narrow;
That hunger-ſtarv'd they of his Marrow,
And Liver dryed, might diſtill
A Philter *by their Magic* skill.

At O Deorum.

O all you Gods, who powerfully reign
O'r Heav'n and Earth, and Humane ſtrain,
What mean'th all this Tumult? why bend ye
You cruell aſpects all at me?
I by thine Ofspring ſupplicate, if e'r
True births *Lucina* helpt thee bear;
By this vain Robe bedy'd with purple ſtain,
And *Iove* who doth theſe Spells diſdain,
Why doſt at me like ſome curſt Step-dame look,
Or Beaſt with piercing arrowes ſtrook?
When as the trembling youth this ſo bewaild,
He ſtood ſo with his gatments trail'd,
And ſlender limb'd, as even Pitty might
In impious *Thracian* breſt excite:
Canidia's locks all with ſhort Vipers full,
Crawling upon her horrid skull,

Shee

She bidds Wild Fig-trees from the graves be torn,
And *Cypreſſes* on Herſes worn,
Preſcribes Eggs drencht in toads beblouded ſpume,
A night-affecting Scritch-owles plume.
Herbes from *Iolchos*, and *Iberia's* ground,
Where Poyſons plenteouſly abound,
With bones ſnatcht from a greedy Bitch at prey,
In *Colchian* flames to broyl away.
Nimble *Sagana*, who about beſpatters
The whole houſe with avernall waters,
Lookes horrid with her rough locks briſtled more,
Than Sea-bred Urchin, or chaſ'd Bore.
Veia of ſin-obdured Conſcience, made
An Earthen trench with iron ſpade,
Labouring and toyling with induſtrious groan,
That the young ſtripling there in-thrown,
Should at the ſight of frequent changed cates,
Each long day even yield to Fates,
Who ſhewed (his head being extant) as 't had been,
A body drown'd up to the Chin:
That his dry'd Liver, and his Pith out-drain'd,
For *Cupids Philtre* might be ſtrain'd:
When once his greedy Eye-balls, being plac't
On food reſtrain'd, conſum'd to waſt.
Nor abſent was that luſtfull maſculine
Witch, *Folia* of *Arimine*,
As both the ſolitary *Naples* thought,
And all the neighbour Townes about:
Who could with her *Theſſalian* chantments hale
Down Moon and Starrs from Heaven's high veil.
Here dire *Canidia* ſtraight began to gnaw
Her long grown nailes, with black-froth'd jaw:
What ſaid ſhee? or what ſaid ſhe not? *O you*
Juſt witneſſes of all I doe!
Thou night, and thou Diana *Silence-Queen,*
Till our dark Spells have acted been,

Now

Now, now your helpfull presence deign: now shower
Upon my foes your wrath and power.
While tim'rous Beasts in forrest shelters keep,
Their eyes seal'd up with gentle sleep.
While barkings of Suburran *dogs discover*
An old adultrous wanton Lover
(The Scoff of all) with fragrant Nard *suffus'd:*
Such as my hands n'r better us'de
How hapneth this? Why doth my poys'nous **Bane**
Lesser than curst Medea's *pain,*
Who, having that pruod strumpet all be-spred
Therewith, great Creons *daughter, fled,*
When as a Gown with noxious venome dy'de
In flagrant flames consum'd the Dride?
Nor Plant, nor Root in secret Thickets growes,
But I its nature can disclose.
Varus, *on oyl'd beds layes him down to rest,*
Quitting all harlots from his brest.
Alasse! Alasse! he walkes secure from harmes
Of better-skill'd Inchauntress charmes
O much lamented Varus! *thou should'st run*
To me for some strange Potion:
Nor shall thy once enfuriated mind,
Relief from Marsian *chauntments find.*
I will prepare, and fill a deeper bowl
For thee, who hat'st me with thy soul.
First lofty Heaven beneath the Seas shall move,
And pondrous Earth be heav'd above;
Ere thou shalt not be broyl'd in loves-desires,
Even like Bitumen's *grimy fires.*
This said, the Youth now strate (as heretofore)
T'appease the impious Haggs no more;
But as yet dubious what he first should say,
He did *Thyestiat* spells display,
Charmes good and bad effects work, but cannot
Pervert the course of humane Lot.

I'l execrate you unto Hell: my Hate
No Sacrifice ſhall expiate.
But when I'm doomed once to periſh quite,
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt you in the night,
And with hookt nailes Fiend-like claw out your eyes,
(So Spectres uſe to tyrannize)
And clinging faſt unto each reſtleſs Breſt,
With horrour your wak'd Eyes infeſt.
The vulgar Rable flock'd from every town
(Tee baſe old Queanes) will ſtone you down:
Then ſhall your dead limbs unintombed lay,
For Wolves, and Eſquile *Vultur's pray;*
Nor ſhall my Parents, who (alaſs!) ſurvive,
From this ſell ſight their eyes reprieve.

EPODE 6.

Againſt Caſſius Severus, *a revilefull and wanton Poet.*

Argument.

The ſurly and crabb'd qualities
Of Poet Caſſius, *he deſcries.*

Quid immerentes.

Why (Curriſh Dog) doſt harmeleſs Gueſts aſſail,
But not 'gainſt Wolves dar'ſt wag thy tail?
Why (if thou dar'ſt) with menaces ſo vain
Aſſault'ſt not me who'll turn again?
For like *Coloſſian* maſty or red-fleſt
Laconian doggs, which heards protect, (chace
Through profound ſnowes with flat-cowch'd ear I'l
What ever obvious Game I face.
When the Woods eccho with thy diſmall cryes,
Thou ſnook'ſt at morſels 'fore thine eyes.

Beware

Beware, beware: for I'l ſharp horns prepare,
To puſh thoſe that revilefull are,
Like him whom curſt *Lycambe* ſlighted ſo,
Or *Bupalus* his tart-mouth'd foe.
What? if calumniated once, ſhould I
Put 't up and child-like pule, and cry?

EPODE 7.

To the People of Rome.

Argument.

Of Civill warrs, when Roman *blood*
Drown'd up all Latium *like a flood.*

Quo, quo rnitis.

Ah! whither, whither ruſh yee Varlets? Why
Do your right hands ſheath'd weapons try?
Doth *Latian* blood ſo little yet diſtain
The Land, or *Neptune*'s watry Plain?
Not that proud *Carthage* with her Æmulous towers
Should be inflam'd by *Roman* powers,
Or that the never-vanquiſh'd *Britanes* might
Walk fetter'd in the Sacred Street:
But that, as is the *Parthians* wiſh, the Wall
Of *Rome* by its own hand might fall.
Not Wolves, nor Lyons uſe e'r to do thus,
But onely beaſts degenerous.
What? Is't blind fury? or forc'd Deſtiny?
Or ſin compells? O make reply. (dy'd;
They're huſht, Pale fear their bloodleſs cheekes hath
Their gaſted minds ſtand ſtupifi'd.

Thus

Thus 'tis: *Rome*'s with incenſed Furies ſcourg'd,
With crime of Brother's murther urg'd:
Since ſackleſs *Remus* drencht the thirſty ground
With blood, to *Romanes* fatall found.

EPODE 8.

To a Luſtfull Old Woman.

Argument.

The fulſome ſhape, and vitious life,
Of a lacivious, aged wife.

Rogare Longo.

Thou to demaund of rot-conſumed date,
What ſhould my ſtrength emaſculate?
When all thy teeth black-furr'd with canker ſhow,
And Old-age wrinckle-plowes thy brow,
And filthy arſe 'twixt buttocks wither-dry'd
Like ſome raw-bon'd Cow's gapes ſo wide.
But thy down ſwagging beaſts extub'rant Teats,
Like Mare's duggs kindle *Cupid's* heats:
Thy down-ſoft belly, and thy ſpindle Thighs,
Suſtain'd on Leggs which pregnant riſe.
Live happily: let Statues Triumphall
Adorn thy pompous Funerall:
Nor may more precious Chaines of Pearl inveſt
'Ere any marri'd womans Breſt.
How is't that *Stoic Treatiſes* are by,
And 'mongſt thy ſilken Pillowes ly?
Are ruſtick Loones leſs pollent at the Sports?
Or doth their courage leſs retort?
Whoſe——that thou mayſt urge to ſpend, { *Honor ſit auribus.*
Thou muſt with——ontend.

EPOD

EPODE 9.

To Macenas.

Argument.

He 'forehand doth congratulate
Augustus Cæsar's *happy Fate:*
When he Triumphant shall be seen
'Gainst Antony, *and* Ægypt's *Queen.*

Quando repostum

When(Blest *Macenas*) shall I freely bouse
(With *Jove's* leave) at thy sumptuous house
Cæcubian Wines 'gainst Banquettings laid in,
Now *Cæsar* hath victorious been,
When Lyres shall modulate a *Dorian* verse,
And Flutes *Barbarian* straines rehearse?
As when *Neptunian Pompey* vanquished
At Seas erst, with fir'd Navy fled,
Who threatned *Rome* with servile fett'ring bands,
Withdrawn from Slaves perfidious hands.
A *Roman* enslav'd to a Woman's Will
(Alas you'l all gainsay this still)
Huggs stakes, and armour, nor at all disdains
For wizued Eunuches to take paines:
And *Sol* amongst the Ensignes doth descry
An unbeseeming Canopy.
'Gainst him the *Gaules* who *Cæsars* honour sought,
Two thousand neighing Horses brought,
And nimble vessells skult on the Left hand
In hostile Harbours secret stand.
Hoe Glorious Triumph! Thou 'tis hast restrain'd
The Golden Charrets, Steares unstain'd.

Hoe Glorious Triumph! Not in *Iugurth's* Warre
Was left a Chieftain might compare
With our *Auguſtus*, nor in *Scipio's*,
Whoſe proweſs ruin'd *Carthage* ſhowes.
By Sea and Land the enemie overthrown,
Chang'd Purples for a mouruing gown:
Wheth'r he be with contrariant tempeſts bound
For *Creet*, with hundred Cittyes crown'd,
Or *Syrts* where lowd-mouth'd *Notus* toyling keeps,
Or float at randome on the Deeps.
Boy, bring here more capacious flaggons now,
Let *Chian* Wines and *Lesbian* flow:
Or ſuch as doth all nauſeouſneſs confine
Fill us out ſome *Cæcubian* wine.
All care and fear for *Cæſars* happineſs,
With Iuſhions *Bacchus* wee'll repreſs.

EPODE 10.

Againſt Mætius a Poet.

Argument.

He wiſheth raging ſtormes may riſe,
And Mætius *with Wrack ſurprize.*

Mala Soluta

The Ship inauſpicately quitts the Bay,
And noiſome *Mætius* hoyſts away.
Auſter, ſee thou impetuouſly rave,
Lathing both ſides with furious wave.
Let gloomy *Eurus*, with his ſtormes adverſe
The tacklings and broke Oares diſperſe.
May *Boreas* ſuch violent guſts extend,
As from high Hills an Holme would rend.

On

On pitchy Nights let no Starr's luſter ſhine,
When ſad *Orion* doth decline:
Nor let the *Ocean* tranquiller ſtand,
Than for the *Grecians* conquering Band,
When wrathfull *Pallas*, waving fired *Troy*,
Would impious *Ajax*'s fall deſtroy.
O how doe thy induſtrious Sailers ſweat!
Thy ſelf with pallid Fear repleat,
Howling out lady woman-like Laments,
And Vowes, which wreſtfull *Jove* reſents:
When ſhowry *Notus* lowdly bellowing,
Pith' *Adrian* Gulph doth Ship-wrack bring.
But if the crookedly-winding Shore diſplay
Thy ſtill ſtretcht limbs for Corm'rants prey,
A luſtfull Goat and a ſhee-Lambkin ſhall
A Sacrifice to tempeſts fall.

EPODE II.

To Pettius his Chamber-fellow.

Argument.

He Cupid-ſtruck, cannot the while
To compoſe Verſes frame his ſtile.
Pettius ad me.

Pettius, I take no pleaſure, as before,
In writing Verſe,
Now *Cupids* arrowes pierce:
Cupid, who me 'bove all inflameth ſore
With wilder heat
Of Youths and Virgins neat.
Now three *Decembers* woods have ſhed their Glory,
Since ore I gave
For *Inachia* to rave.

Oh ſhamefull Folly! what a Citty-ſtory
(Alaſs) I became!
My junckettings I blame,
When Paleneſs, Silence, and long Sighs exhal'd
From lungs profound,
Deſcry'd my paſſions wound:
And I lamentfull moan'd that wealth prevail'd
'Gainſt Honeſty,
And diſtreſſ'd Ingeny:
When debaucht *Bacchus* did my Secrets broach
From heated breſt,
With fervent liquours preſt.
But if free Indignation once approach
My boyling blood,
And this diſtaſtfull Flood
Expell, which nought allayes my maladay:
Shame profligate
With Great ones ſtrife will hate.
When I, (thou hearing) theſe extoll'd on high,
Charg'd to get home,
I rov'd with vagrant roam,
To thoſe (ah!) flinty threſholds, unkind poſts,
Which as I Ly'd,
All bruiſ'd my ſhins, and ſide.
Me now *Lyciſcus* love ore-rules, who boaſts
T' exceed each Shee
In ſoft effeminacy,
From whence no faithfull Counſells can me free
A friend affords,
Nor contumelious words.
A new flame of ſome Virgin it muſt be,
Or Youth plump-round,
With long hair backward wound.

EPODE

EPODE 12.

Againſt a libinous Old Woman.

Argument.

He ſcolds a whore, who did him court
So ſate her Luſt with Venus *ſport.*

Quid tibi vis.

What meanſt thou (Woman) for black El'phants fit?
Why ſend'ſt me tokens, why are letters writ
To me nor vig'rous, nor obtuſe of Noſe?
For I quick-ſented can as ſoon diſcloſe
A Polype, or an arm-pitts rammiſh ſent,
As well-noſ'd-hounds explore where ſowes are pent.
What ſtench, what Sweat her wizued limbs hath drench'd,
When (Nature's keener ardours in me quench'd)
She haſts to ſatiate her unbridled Luſt:
Nor bides her all ſweat-ſteeped Cheeks ceruſt,
Or dawb'd with Crocodiles ordure; with mad reakes,
She now both Bed-ſtock, and the Matt'reſs breakes:
Thus jeares my Languors with revilefull flout;
Thou with *Inachia* could'ſt hold longer out,
Yea thrice a night: with me at once thou'rt tir'd.
A pox take *Lesbia*, who, when I enquir'd
For tuff-back'd Actors, ſhew'd me thee ſo dull:
Choan Amyntas giving me my full,
Whoſe unfoyl'd ——— more ſtiff-erected ———
Then ere a ſapling in the lofty Wood:
For whom were garments (which twice tincted ſhow
In *Tyrian* Purple) made? For thee I trow,

Leſt 'mongſt his æqualls ere a Gueſt ſhould be
Whom his dear ſweet-heart better lov'd than thee.
Oh wrecht am I whom thou eſchews as much,
As Lambs fierce Wolves, or Goats the Lyons
(Clutch.

EPODE 13.

To his merry Friends

Argument.

That Winters ſeaſon ſhould be ſpent
In Jollity and Merriments.

Horrida tempeſtas.

Rough ſtormes be-gloom the skyes, and Rain & Snows
Cauſe gloomer Air. Not *Thracian* Northwind blows
On Sea and Woods. Friends uſe this preſent Day:
And whil'ſt our Limbs are vig'rous, and we may,
Let not cold Age write wrinckles on the pate,
Draw out the Wine of *Conſul Torquate's* date.
Wave all things elſe. God will perhaps reduce
Their things to ſettlement. Now let's diffuſe
Rich *Perſian* ſents, and with *Cyllenian* Lay
Chace from the breaſt heart rending Cares away,
As that fam'd *Centaur* to's great Pupill ſung;
Victorious Man from Goddeſs *Thetis* ſprung,
Troy thee awaits, which thoſe cold Currents lever,
Scamander ſmall, and ſwift *Simois* river:
Whence certain Fate, obſtructing all Return,
With thy blew Mother doom'd thee to thine Urn.
There all deſorming diſcontentments ceaſe,
With Wine, and ſongs, Grief's ſweeteſt ſolaces.

EPODE

EPODE 14.

To Mæcenas.

Argument.

He, loving Phryne, *vainely sought*
To end th' Iambics, as he thought.

Mollis inertia.

Thou even kill'ſt me asking me ſo oft
(Sweet *Mæcenas*) wherefore ſoft
Sloth in each ſenſe ſhould ſuch a dulneſs cauſe:
As if I with thirſty jawes,
Had gulp'd of *Lethe's* ſleep-inviting waves.
For God *Cupid*, *Cupid* ſtaves
Me from conſummating to th' laſt degree,
Th' *Iambic's* long promiſ'd thee.
Anacreon of *Teia* (as is fam'd)
With *Bathillus* was ſo flam'd,
That oft his Loves he wailed on his Lyre,
With unlabourated Wyre.
Thou Wretch too burnes: But if no brighter Sun
Had fir'd beſieg'd *Ilion*,
Live bleſt, I'm plagu'd with *Phryne* a Bondwoman,
And ſhe unto many Common.

EPODE 15.

To his Sweet-heart Neæra.

Argument.

Our Lyric dolefully deſcryes
Faithleſs Neæra's *perjuryes.*

Nox erat.

'Twas Night, and *Cynthia* lightned all the Sky
'Mongst Starres of less fulgency,
When thou, profaning Gods of power immense,
T' act my will didst oaths dispense;
Not lofty Ivyes th' il x close grasp't,
Than thy limber armes me clasp't:
While Lambs fled Wolves, and while *Orion's* orb
Sailours bane, should Seas disturb,
While unshorn Sol his hairy beames should dart,
Thou would'st mutuall love impart.
Neera how my vertue thou'lt bewail!
For less *Flaccus* spirit fail,
For cliftier Rivalls hee'l not brook one night,
And vext seek those will requite,
Nor once offended will he constant rest,
If certain grief pierce his brest.
But thou who now in favour happy reignes,
Proudly vaunt'st at my disdaines,
Though rich in stock, and Grounds, and to thy hands
Pactole roll his Golden sands:
Though truly wrote oft-liv'd *Pythagoras*,
And fair *Nereus* thou surpass;
Yet she'll her love to others ('lass) translate,
But then I'l deride thy Fate.

EPODE 16.

To the People of Rome.

Argument.

A Lamentation for Rome's *state,*
With Civill Warrs dilacerate:

And

And by the way he falls upon
The Blessed Iles description.

Altera jam teritur.

Now Civill broyles another Age have spent,
And *Rome*'s own power hath *Rome* to ruine bent:
Which neither bord'ring *Marsians* could defeat,
Nor *Tyrrhen* Squadrons with *Porsena*'s threat,
Nor æmulous *Capua*, nor fierce *Spartacus*,
Nor th' *Allobrox* in change perfidious,
Nor cruell *Germanes* blew ey'd youth could quell,
Nor *Hannibal* by parents doom'd to Hell,
We an accurst blood-fated Age will spoyl,
And let wild Beasts again possess the soyl.
The barb'rous Foe will trample on its ashes,
And Horsmen strike the streets with sounding dashes,
Rome's Founders bones inurn'd in dark abode
(A sin to see) hee'll proudly spurn abroad:
Perhaps what's meet, you all, or most desire,
And how t' eschew Warr's curst toyles enquire:
The best Resolve is, (as the *Phocæans* all
Deserted quite the execrated wall,
Left lands, and houses, Fanes, and all the rest,
Of Bores, and rapefull Wolfes to be possest)
To travell whereso'ever leggs or sailes
Shall us convey, with South, or South-west gales.
Takes this advise? or who gives better? say.
Why then a God's name launch we not away.
But this let's vow: ne'r to return again,
Til Rocks ascend, and float upon the Main:
Nor homewards steer our Vessels, till *Po*'s Deep
The towring Knolls of *Matine* hills shall steep,
Or th' *Appenine* mount to the Seas extend,
Or Monsters shall promiscuously blend
Their seeds: when Hinds with Tygers copulate,
And Kites with harmeless Doves adulterate,

When

When Lions 'mongſt the ſecure cattle graze,
And Sleek-skin'd Goat o'th' briniſh Ocean playes.
Theſe vow'd, and what may elſe Cut off retreat,
Let's goe, even all th' curſt Citty, ſmall and great,
Or th' better ſort. But ſlothfull, hopeleſs heads,
Let 'um ſtill ſnort in their unthriving Bedds.
Ceaſe (yee brave Spirits) womanlike to weep:
With winged Sailes fly paſt th' *Etruſcan* Deep.
The all-ſurrounding *Ocean* calls us on:
Let's to rich fields and Happy Iles be gon:
Where Grounds unlabour'd yield a Yearly fleece,
And Grapes throng cluſter on the unprun'd Trees:
Where never-failing Olive branches grow,
And black-ripe Figs all beautifie the bough:
Where Honey from the hollow Holme diſtils,
And from high Craggs the murm'ring water drills:
There She-goats freely to the milk-pales come,
And kindly bring their milk-ſtretch'd udders home:
No watchfull Bear inſidiates the Sheep,
Nor poyſonous Viper on the earth doth creep:
This bleſſed Region further wonders yields,
There ſhowry Eaſt ne'r drowneth up the fields:
Nor humid ſeeds are ſcorch'd with droughty clodds,
Each ſeaſon temper'd by the Prince of Gods.
No Shipps made hither with *Argoan* Oar,
Nor shamel-ſs *Colchian* footed on this ſhoar:
Here nō *Sidonian* horn-like Fleet arriv'd,
Nor toyling troupes of ſly *Ulyſſes* ſtriv'd:
No Murrein 'mongſt the flocks, no ſtarres project
A noxious Influence, Cattle to infect,
Theſe Confines *Jove* for pious tribes ordain'd,
When ruſty Braſs the Golden Age diſtain'd
He Braſs to Iron form'd: which (I Divine)
More pious men may proſperouſly decline.

EPODE

EPODE 17.

To Canidia

Argument

Canidia *the Sorceresse*
He doth his over-match confesse:
And supplicates her to give o'r
Her Spells, and torture him no more.

Jam jam efficaci.

I now submit unto thy powerfull skill,
And begg by *Proserpine's* imperiall will,
And by *Diana's* steddy-fixt Decree,
And by thy Charm-bookes which effectuall be
To summon Starres down from th' Ætheriall Sphear:
Thy Spells(*Canidia*) O at length forbear,
And cease, O cease this giddy whirling wind.
Proud *Telephus*, he dire *Achilles* mind
Mov'd to relent; though against him he had shown
His *Mysian* Squadrons, and sharp Javelins thrown.
The *Trojan* dames did warlike *Hector* oyl,
To rav'nous Birds, and Doggs expos'd for spoyle;
When *Priam* quitting *Troy*, fell down prostrate
Before *Achilles* (ah!) too obstinate.
Ulysses his industrious Saylours left
Their brisled limbs of hilpid skins bereft,
Circe appeas'd: then Reason did retreat,
With speech, and wonted favour, to its seat.
Thou now hast plagu'd mee in aboundant measure,
O thou the Seamans and Merchants pleasure.
Youth's blossom's faded, and my Purple Hew,
My skin and bones are smear'd with black and blew:
My Haire's turn'd hoary with thy dismall oyles,
No Leasures free me from heart-racking toyles:

I'm

I'm cruciated night and day with ire:
Scarce can my grief-extended Lungs reſpire.
I wretch am now convinced to believe
Sabellan Charmes (which I deny'd) can grieve
The Heart, and *Marſian* Spells the head diſpoyl.
What would'ſt thou more? O Sea? O Land? I broyl,
As not *Alcides* ſtew'd in *Neſſus* gore:
Nor yet *Sicilian Ætna* rageth more
With it's e'r-flagrant Embers: Thou, till I
Become light aſhes ſcatter'd in the Sky,
Fry'ſt me, as 'twere in *Colchian* poys'nous Forge.
When ends my Pain? What Tribute wilt thou urge?
O ſpeak: And I religiouſly will pay
Whatever mulct's impoſ'd; prepar'd to ſlay
Ev'n Hecatombs, or with diſſembling ſong
Chaunt thee for fair, for vertuous, and among
Heav'ns Orbs to gliſter as a Glorious Sphear.
Caſtor and *Pollux* wrathfull though they were,
And ſmote him blind did *Hellen*'s honor ſtain,
Yet, won with prayers, reſtor'd his Eyes again.
Ev'n thou (who Can'ſt) from phrenzies ſet me free,
O thou not ſprung from Sires of baſe degree,
Nor skill'd in poor mens Ufnes, to diſſipate
Their ſilent aſhes after nine dayes date.
Thy heart is bounteous, and thy hands ſincere,
Fruitfull thy Womb, and th' Midwife rinſeth clear
Red ruggs diſtained with thy fluent blood,
When thou from Childbed skipp'ſt with livelihood.

Canidia's Anſwer.

Argument.

Th' Inchauntreſs will not be won
To hear his Supplication:
Cauſe he had tatled up and down,
Her Sorceries all o'r the Town.

Quid

Quid obſeratis.

Why vainly prayeſt thou to my lock'd-up ears?
As well the Rock the nake-ſtrip'd Saylor hears,
When roaring *Neptune* with his billowes beats.
Shalt thou (Scot-free)ſcoft our *Cotyttian* feats,
Divulge licentious *Cupid*'s Sacrifice?
An Arch-prieſt-like o'th' *Eſquile* Sorceries,
Revengeleſs blaſon our reproachfull fames?
To truck with old *Pelignian* haggard dames,
Or mix diſpatching pills, to what end is't,
If thou can'ſt not reſcind thy deſtin'd twiſt?
The Fates (poor wretch) prolong thy irkſome date,
That ſtill freſh torments may thy Carkaſe bait.
Pelops his tel-tale Sire for Reſt out cryes,
Waiſting ſtill what abounds before his eyes:
For Reſt *Prometheus* Vultur-chain'd makes moan,
And *Siſyphus* his ſtill-down-tumbling ſtone
Would roll aloft, But *Jove* gain-ſayes. And now
Thou would'ſt thy ſelf præcipitately throw
From down-ſteep Clifts; Now *Noric* ſword diſtain
In thine own Gutts, and (loathing life) in vain
Striv'ſt with a Halter to conclude thy pain.
Then on thy hatefull ſhoulders will I ride,
And make the Earth ſtoop to my haughty Pride.
I who Wax-ſtatues can inſpire with motion,
As thou (too Curious) know'ſt, and whoſe dark Notion
Can hale the Moon down by my abſtruſe Spells,
And raiſe the Dead up from their ſilent Cells,
And fervent Philters mix: Should I bewail,
My Magic Art 'gainſt thee cannot prevail.

A Secular ſong.

Argument.

He all th' Gods, Goddeſſes, and Fates,
To guard Rome's *Empire ſupplicates:*
That Vertue, Riches, Peace, Renown,
And every Bliſs it's fame may crown.

Phœbe ſilvarumque

Phœbus, and *Dian* Preſident
Of Woods, Heav'ns radiant Ornament,
Still worſhip'd: O hear our requeſt
On Holy Feaſt!
When as *Sibylla's* leaves adviſe
Choyce maids, and unpolluted Boyes
Songs to thoſe Deities to direct,
Who *Rome* affect.
Clear *Sol*, whoſe Charrets ſplendent flame
Showes, and ſhuts Day up; ar't the ſame,
Yet other ſeem'ſt, Let *Rome's* fame riſe
Great'ſt in thine Eyes.
Ilythia, teeming wombs defend,
And timely births to Mothers ſend:
Whether *Lucina's* name thou 'pprove,
Or *Luna's* love.
O Goddeſs, bleſt productions cauſe,
And proſper Senate nuptiall Lawes,
That who in *Hymen's* bands agree,
May fruitfull be.
Let ev'ry Century reduce
Carrolls, and ſports again to uſe,
Thrice acted whileſt *Sol* ſhineth bright,
As oft i'th' Night.
Yee Deſtinyes, who truly ſing,
Hence forward better fortune bring;
That ſtable boundures may enfold,
What yee once told.

Let

Let a well-ſtock'd feracious Field
A Gold ear'd Wreath to *Ceres* yield:
Let wholeſome Springs, and healthfull Air
Our Plants repair.
Apollo make thine arrowes wave,
Hear Youths that ſupplicantly Crave:
Hear Virgins, *Luna*, ſtarry Queen,
Bicorned ſeen.
If *Rome* your work be, and the bands
Of *Troy* poſſeſt th' *Etruſcan* ſtrands,
Commanding part to ſeek new Homes
With proſperus roames:
To whom, through flaming lackleſs *Troy*,
Æneas chaſt gave ſafe Convoy,
Who it ſurviv'd, and more beſtow'd
Than 'fore they ow'd:
To toward Young men Vertue give,
And let our old men quietly live:
Yee Gods, Wealth, Iſſue, and all Grace,
Deign *Rom'lus* race.
Let *Venus* and *Anchiſes* ſeed,
Whoſe candid Bullocks to you bleed,
Each Rebell quell, but mercy ſhew
A conquered Foe.
By Sea and Land, *Rome's* powerfull might,
And Magiſtrates, the *Medes* affright:
Now *Scyths* and *Inds* ſo proud of late,
Our pleaſures wait.
Now Faith, Peace, Honor, Honeſty,
And Vertue which contemn'd did lye,
And bleſt Aboundance doth return
With plenteous Horn.
Fatidic *Phœbus* gliſt'ring bright
With Silver bow, the ſweet Delight
Of Muſes; who, whom Sickneſs greeves,
With help relieves

If

If he *Palatian* towers reſpect,
Rome's ſtate, or *Latium* affect,
Let him grant them a longer date,
And Happi'r fate.
And let *Diana* who doth haunt
Mount *Aventine*, and *Algid*, grant
Fifteen mens Vowes, and graciouſly
Hear childrens cry.
Then I with *Phœbus* Learned Quire,
And *Dian*'s, hopefull home retire,
That *Jove*, and all the Gods will pleaſe
T' accept of theſe.

FINIS.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM